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UNITED.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Lord, let no shadow creep between
My love and me;
Our faith keep ever fresh and green
And fair to see.

Lord, let no cruelty of fate,
No aims nor arts,
Divide our ways, nor separate
Our close-knit hearts.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV—(CONTINUED).

THESE TWO YOUNG men were fast friends. Jack thought Cyril the perfection of manhood, and admired him for all the qualities which he (Jack) lacked; and Cyril regarded his friends as a genius unrecognized as yet by the world, but as one whose light would shine out brightly some day.

And yet as Jack regarded his silent companion there was a certain curious questioning expression in his eyes.

"I am reluctant to disturb your meditations, on which no doubt the fate of nations depends," he said in his slow, good-naturedly cynical tone, "but my more material nature is craving for a whiskey and soda, and the cupboard is immediately behind you."

Cyril Burne started slightly and wheeled his chair aside, then got up and began pacing the room with quick restless steps.

Jack Wesley mixed a couple of drinks with deliberate precision.

"Walk up, walk up!" he murmured, "the lion is now about to be fed—or rather drinked. I wonder how much Mrs. Brown, the landlady, will charge for the carpet; perhaps if you'd take a "lap" round the other side of the table——"

Thus adjured, Cyril stopped short, and taking up his glass seated himself on the table.

"That's better," remarked Jack Wesley, dropping into the chair; "now we can talk—that is, if you can tear your mind away from the romantic episode of the mysterious voice on the terrace; and I should like just to ask you, my dear Cyril, what you intend to do?"

Cyril flashed his dark eyes on him, still rather absently.

"What I intend to do?"

"Exactly," said Jack, puffing at his pipe and nursing his knee, a favorite trick of his. "When a week ago you came into—burst into would be the more exact expression—my chambers with the proposal that I should accompany you on a trip to Santleigh, county Berks, you asserted, in response to my question "Why?" that you wanted to make some sketches for the new picture which is one day to startle the artistic world, and blazon your name on the head roll of Fame. You also remarked that it would be a capital chance of my getting a few rustic ideas for a poem, a novel, or a play. Is that not so?"

Cyril nodded with a half smile.

"In a weak moment, a very weak moment, I consented. I may remark that I always do consent to your proposals, and that I never fail to rue my weakness. This instance is no exception to the general rule. We have been in this secluded spot two whole days. Your sketches are represented by that insane outline of a tree," he pointed his pipe at a canvas on an easel, "and my rustic ideas have not yet suggested themselves. "Instead of which," as the magistrate observed, we have perpetrated a sample of mad trespassing which ought to have landed us in the village quod, or obtained for us a charge of shot or a revolver bullet a-piece. I like adventures—for other persons; as for me, writing about 'em is good enough; and I beg to state that I politely, but emphatically, refuse to accompany you in any further exploit, whether it take the shape of prowling like burglars at midnight about a noble mansion, or breaking into a church. And I would also like to ask, when you are going to return to town?"

Cyril Burne laughed slowly again.

"Jack, if you'd been born dumb you'd have been as nearly perfect as a man could be," he said.

"Thanks for your kind appreciation, but allow me to remark that, that is is not an answer to my question. Please—I ask it as a special favor—don't begin to prance up and down again!" For Cyril had got off the table, and threatened to resume his restless pacing. He desisted, however, and went and leant up against the mantelshelf, and looked down at the spectacled face with a curious expression half sad, half wistful.

"Jack," he said, and there was a certain gravity in his deep, musical voice, "you are the only friend I have in the world, and sometimes I am sorely tempted to tell you, to confide——" he stopped, and Jack Wesley regarded him seriously.

"Never give way to temptation, Cyril," he said succinctly.

"And yet I have vowed to keep my secret."

"The fool makes a vow, the wise man keeps it," murmured Jack.

"Did it ever occur to you, Jack, that though you and I have been close friends for nearly a twelvemonth, you know as little about me as you did the night we met. You remember? The night you found me sauntering over Waterloo Bridge and looking at the water?"

"Yes, I remember," assented Wesley.

"I was without a penny, with the key of the street," his voice softened, and he leant forward and laid his hand on the other man's shoulder.

"And generally miserable: having been in the same condition myself, I knew the signs and felt a fellow-feeling."

"You stopped and spoke," resumed Cyril, his voice so full of music that it stirred the heart of the listener, "and insisted upon my coming home with you and sharing your supper. You asked no question, and therefore got no fibs. And you have asked none from that hour to this."

"Which proves that I have not inherited my Mother Eve's crowning fault—curiosity," put in Jack under his breath.

"You took me on trust, helped me to gain my living, were, in short, that rarest of all rare things, a friend, a true friend in need, and as a return for all your kindness, I refuse to confide in you!"

There was silence for a moment, then Jack Wesley looked up.

"Why should you confide in me?" he said. "Keep your secret, whatever it may be, my dear Cyril. I am quite content with my ignorance concerning it. A man's a poor kind of friend who wants to pry into his chum's private affairs. And now, will you come back to London to-morrow?"

Cyril Burne thrust his hands in his pockets and frowned at the carpet.

"No," he said, not ill-naturedly, but with firm emphasis, "Jack, I cannot."

Jack Wesley knocked the ashes from his pipe and regarded it intently before saying anything further; then he said—

"Then I must go alone. All play and no work will make Jack a hungry boy. You can paint down here as well—better than in town; I must be near my books. Yes, I'll return; but——" He paused, and getting up regarded the handsome pensive face with a shrewd, kindly smile. "You didn't see the lady—old or young—who quoted Shakspeare on the terrace to-night, Cyril?"

Cyril Burne's face reddened under its tan, but he raised his eyes and met his friend's gaze steadily.

"No," he said. "I know what you mean, and I plead guilty. Jack, I'll tell you what keeps me here. You will laugh—I can't help it. You'll think me mad, even if you don't say so; perhaps I am. Well, then, this afternoon when I left you for a stroll I sauntered towards the Court gates to get a view of the house. As I was standing there a carriage came up. It stopped while the lodge-keeper was opening the gates, and I saw an old man and a girl inside. She looked out for a moment. I only caught a glimpse of her face, but"—he paused and looked straight before him, his eyes glowing with a look which Jack Wesley had never observed in them before—"I see her now! Jack, it was the most beautiful face I have ever seen. I stood rooted to the spot. She did not see me, and her eyes ——" He paused again. "Do you know that picture in the left-hand corner of the large room of the National Gallery, Jack?"

Jack Wesley nodded. He was not smiling now.

"They were like the girl's in the picture, but lovelier. Her hair ——" He stopped again. "If I were to talk for a month I should give you no idea of the face that haunts me," he went on in a low voice; "of its sweetness, its purity, its nameless charm! The carriage went on, and I—just woke!"

"And found yourself in love with a face," said Jack Wesley.

He turned, as if he almost defied ridicule.

"Yes, I fell in love with a face! Why don't you laugh?"

"I was wondering whether you'd mind my crying," retorted Jack Wesley in a low voice; "for, believe me, my dear fellow, love is more of a crying than a laughing matter. Did you discover who she was?"

"No. I asked the lodge-keeper and he could not tell me. I came home, and the face hovered before me." His head dropped, so that his eyes were hidden.

"And it was on the bare chance of getting a second glimpse of the face that you ventured on the burglarious expedition to the Court to-night?"

"It was," he assented grimly. "I would go through fire and water to see her again!"

"And you imagine, suspect, that the voice you heard was here?" suggested Jack Wesley.

Cyril Burne raised his eyes.

"Yes, I think so," he said in a low voice. They were silent for a space, then with a long breath he said, as if to sum up the matter, "Now you know why I cannot go back with you, Jack."

"I think I understand," said Wesley gravely, "and you make a great mistake if you think I am going to try and persuade you; but you'll let me say that if I were indeed the friend you call me, I should secure you by main force and convey you as a lunatic out of harm's way; that the girl who resembles the Da Vinci picture, Cyril, what good can come of this? For all you know she may be engaged—perhaps married!"

Cyril almost started and bit his lip.

"At any rate, she is on a visit to an earl. She may be no end of a swell herself——"

"And I am a miserable painter," broke in Cyril. "I know. There is nothing you can say that I have not thought of, and yet I cannot go. Leave me here, Jack, for a few days at least. I know it's madness, but—well, know it won't cure it."

Jack Wesley nodded, a nod of comprehension.

"I understand, old fellow," he said in a voice full of sympathy; "that artistic nature of yours has caught fire, and I'll leave you to blaze it out. Is there anything I can do before I go? Anything in the shape of—" he hesitated and colored slightly—"well, to put it bluntly, anything in the exchequer line?"

Cyril Burne gasped his hand.

"That's just like you, Jack," he said in a low voice. "No, thank you. I've enough for my most modest wants, and I shall work—no, you needn't smile; I mean it."

"Well, then, I'll go to bed," said Jack. "Good-night."

"Stop!" said Cyril. "We—we shan't want to talk over this again to-morrow, and I've remembered one thing you can do, or refrain from doing."

Jack held the door in his hand and waited, while Cyril paused.

"It's this: I've an idea that possibly someone may hunt you up and make some inquiries about me. It's not very probable but it's possible. If anyone should do so, will you tell them as little as you can?"

Jack nodded.

"The Sphinx shall not be more discreet," he responded with a smile. "I'll forget that such a person as Cyril Burne exists."

"That's just what I want," said Cyril. Good night, old fellow, and pleasant dreams."

Left alone, he resumed his seat on the table and fell into deep thought. Presently he took some money from his pocket and counted it out on the table. It was anything but a large sum, but he appeared satisfied and put it in his pocket. In doing so his hand came in contact with a small fusee box, and he drew it out and looked at it thoughtfully. It was of silver, and bore an elaborate monogram, and it seemed to suggest some idea to him; for, holding it still in his hand, he opened the door and went into the street.

There was a horse pond close by, and he walked to it and flung the fusee case into the middle. It fell with a little splash, and he stood absently looking at the circle it had made in the water.

"I don't think there is anything else," he murmured, feeling in his pockets. "No, that was the last link, and it is gone to the frogs." Then he was turning to retrace his steps to the cottage when he heard a voice, a woman's voice, in the lane on the other side of the pond.

It was a pleading, agitated voice, and he caught these words distinctly—

"You are hard—hard! Why do you treat me so? Do you think I am made of stone?"

Then a man's voice came in response.

"Nonsense! I am prudent for both our sakes, that is all. Trust to me and be patient. Go home now, and don't fret over nothing."

The woman's voice murmured complainingly for a moment, then all was silent.

Cyril Burne smiled to himself.

"I'm in for adventures to-night," he mused. "A lovers' quarrel, I suppose."

At that moment he heard a step, a man's quick, firm step, coming towards him, and instinctively drew back into the shadow.

A tall, thin young man passed him rapidly and went down the road, glancing to right and left as if he were anxious to avoid recognition.

Cyril Burne looked after him with a faint wonder and speculation.

"If I were the young lady I should think twice before I trusted you, my friend," he said to himself; "you are too cautious and careful in your movements."

Then he went back to the cottage, and the incident vanished from his mind. The canvas at which Jack Wesley had pointed

attracted his attention, and going up to it he took up a piece of charcoal and rapidly sketched an outline of a woman's head.

Quickly as it was done, it bore a striking resemblance to the head that he had seen at the carriage window, to Lady Norah Arrowdale.

He took at it for a moment with heightened color, then muttering "A libel!" smudged it out impatiently, turned out the lamp, and went to bed.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN NORAH woke the next morning, and raising herself on her elbow looked round the luxurious room, she felt bewildered and confused; it was all so different to the small and plain, though neatly furnished, little room at Cliff Cottage. Then it flashed upon her that she was in Santleigh Court, and that she was Lady Norah Arrowdale.

Instantly another remembrance sprang into her mind: the mysterious voice she had heard on the terrace. She got out of bed and peered through an opening of the window curtains, certainly not expecting to see the owner of the voice, nor to revive her memory of the incident every phase of which was strongly impressed on her mind.

Norah was not a sentimental young lady by any means, but she was not without a natural sympathy for romance, and the mystery of the unseen, unknown visitor who had been, all unconsciously, so close to her, affected her more than she would have to admit.

A knock at the door caused her to hurry into her dressing gown. It was Harman, who had come to help her dress.

"Good morning, my lady," she said in her subdued manner; "I hope your ladyship slept well."

"Oh, yes," replied Norah; "I always sleep well."

"Yes, my lady," murmured Harman as she prepared the bath; "will you have hot water?"

"Oh, cold, please," said Norah promptly.

"The bath is ready, my lady. I will come when your ladyship rings', and she went into the next room, where Norah heard her at the wardrobe.

It seemed strange to be so waited upon, hand and foot, and Norah thought with a smile what a helpless creature a fine lady must become in course of time.

When she rang, Harman appeared with a couple of morning dresses on her arm.

"Which will you have, my lady?" she asked, as if the question were of the deepest importance.

"Oh, I don't care," said Norah; "You shall choose for me."

Harman considered the matter with evident conscientiousness, and at last selected one of white pique with small black leaves.

"If your ladyship were not in deep mourning, a lavender sash would be a great improvement," she suggested.

Norah nodded, and took up the hair brushes forgetfully; but was reminded of her "fine lady" condition by Harman gently and respectfully taking them out of her hand.

"I can brush it so much better, my lady," she murmured apologetically.

"Yes, that I am sure you can," assented Norah, sinking into the comfortable chair and resigning herself. "I'm afraid I confuse you terribly, but I am accustomed to doing everything for myself; but I shall get used to it, I daresay."

'Oh, yes, my lady."

Norah was silent for a minute or two, marvelling at the ease and skill with which the maid brushed the long thick hair without inflicting the least pain or inconvenience. Then, still thinking of her last night's adventure, she said—

"Who sleeps in this part of the house?"

"No one usually but your ladyship. Mr. Petherick slept in this wing last night, and my room is next your suite."

"There was no one, gentleman, I mean, sleeping in the house excepting my—father"—she hesitated a little at the novel world—"and Mr. Petherick?"

"No, my lady," replied Harman, with a faint expression of surprise in her face, which Norah saw in the glass. "We have very few visitors. Mr. Guildford Berton used to come and stay, but he has got a cottage in the village, just outside the gates."

"Is Guildford his only Christian name?" asked Norah, thinking that possibly he might have been the "Jack" the unknown had called to.

"Yes, my lady. I think so. I never heard of his having any other."

Then it would seem that the two men were absolute strangers! It was strange and mysterious! Harman wound the beautiful plaits of hair in a thick coil at the back of the shapely head, and finished dressing her mistress, and Norah got up and walked to the window.

Harman was there before she could reach it, and opened it for her, and Norah stepped out on to the terrace. She was looking down, recalling the singular incident of the preceeding night, when a bell changed out so sonorously and suddenly that it startled her.

"The breakfast bell, my lady," explained Harman, and she opened the dressing-room door and stood holding it just, as Norah thought, as if for a princess to pass out.

The sun pouring through the painted window flooded the great hall with splashes of many-colored light, and Norah looked round with an admiration approaching awe.

A footman stood at an open door, and guessing it to be the breakfast-room she entered.

The earl, in a suit of gray tweed, loose, but perfectly fitting, rose from his chair, and approaching her took her hand and kissed her forehead as he had done the night before, and let her to her seat at the head of the table.

"I trust you slept well?" he said, his eyes glancing over her quickly. "Are you looking for Mr. Petherick? He departed by an early train to return to his business, and left his compliments. He is an excellent man."

"He was very kind," said Norah.

"Yes," assented the earl, as if that were a matter of course, and Mr. Petherick was paid for being so.

Norah, feeling terribly shy, but struggling hard to conceal any signs of it, poured out a cup of coffee and passed it to him, for there was no footman.

"I dispense with servants in waiting at breakfast," said the earl, but if you wish it the butler shall be in attendance."

Norah colored.

If she wished it!

'Oh, no," she said promptly. "I have been used——" She stopped, for she saw the earl's finely pencilled eyebrows going up with delicately expressed displeasure.

"I hope they have served something that you will like," he said, indicating the silver colored dishes with a wave of his white hand. "The cook will learn your tastes very quickly. Thank you, no," for Norah had offered to help him to some mysterious dish. "I only take toast for breakfast."

A footman entered with the post bag and laid it on the table.

The earl unlocked it and took out his letters and papers.

"Permit me," he said, as courteously as if he were addressing an ordinary visitor, and he opened and read his letters with leisurely grace.

Norah was hungry after her sound night's rest and cold bath, and ate a good breakfast, looking round the handsomely furnished room as she did so, and occasionally allowing her glance to rest upon the aristocratic face opposite her as it bent serenely over the letters and papers.

Presently, having finished with then, the earl laid them methodically in a pile and looked across at her.

"I fear you will find it dull here at the Court, Norah. I regret that I cannot go up to the house in town, but London does not agree with me, and I rarely remain there longer than a few days."

"I shall not be dull here," she said; "it is all so new and strange to me, and I do not wish to go to London."

'Of course you will have to go to be presented," he remarked; "but perhaps Lady Ferndale will be kind enough to chaperone you. Do you play?"

"Yes," replied Norah. "I have worked very hard at my music."

He inclined his head.

"There is a piano in the drawing room—a grand of Erard's—and one in your own room. I trust everything was to your taste in your apartments," he added.

"Yes, indeed," said Norah warmly; "everything is so beautiful. I was admiring the pretty furniture and things before I went to sleep last night."

He bowed slightly.

"I hope that if there should be anything you desire you will at once express your wish: it shall be gratified. I will see that you have a suitable horse, and that someone be found teach you to ride. I fear that I shall be but a poor companion for you, and that you will feel lonely at times."

"I am used to being alone a great deal," said Norah softly. "I have often spent days and days without speaking to anyone excepting Catherine."

"Catherine? Ah, yes, pardon me, I had forgotten. Catherine Hayes, your maid."

"And I am sure I shall be quite happy wandering about this beautiful place when it is fine, and on wet days there will be books and music."

"I am obliged to you for taking so cheerful a view of the prospect," he said. "I regret that the state of my health will not often permit me to accompany you, and I have also a heavy correspondence, as you see," and he waved his hand to the letters. "Although I have long since ceased to take an active part in politics, my former colleagues pay me the frequent compliment of consulting me."

"Perhaps I could help you," said Norah, with a mixture of timidity and eagerness. "I—I write a plain hand for a woman, and I used to write all mamma's letters——" She stopped, warned by the sudden frown which darkened the earl's face that she had trodden on forbidden ground.

"Thank you very much," he said dryly and with icy courtesy, "but I could not dream of troubling you."

"It would be no trouble, but a pleasure," said Norah in a low voice.

He declined the offer with a stately gesture, and gathered his letters together.

"Perhaps you would like to drive this morning?" he said. "The weather is particularly fine. If so, pray order the carriage. The groom of the stables will be in attendance to receive your commands whenever you send for him. And now I will ask you to excuse me," and he rose and left the room.

Norah sat for a few minutes thinking over all that he had said with an aching pain at her heart.

It was evident that if her father the earl did not actually dislike her, he did not entertain the slightest affection for her, and that he intended to keep her at arm's length.

It had been lonely at Cliff Cottage since her mother died, but she had had some one to love there in the faithful and devoted Catherine; but here at Santleigh Court there was no one on whom her gentle heart could lavish its wealth of love, no one who cared for her, and she felt at that moment that she would exchange all the wealth and grandeur which had so strangely become hers for any condition, however lowly, in which there should be some one to love and love her in return.

She went to the window and looked out, and for a moment she thought that she would go for a drive as the earl had suggested, but she shrank from the elaborate business of summoning the groom of the stables, and decided to go for a walk instead.

As she was passing through the hall on the way to her room to get her hat, a footman informed her that his lordship would be greatly obliged if she would go to him in the library, and open the door for her.

The earl was seated at his writing table, and rose as she entered and stood expectantly.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Norah," he said, "but I forgot to mention a matter at breakfast. You will need—money."

"Oh, but I have some," said Norah quickly.

His eyebrows went up at the interruption.

"A small sum, no doubt," he said, "but scarcely sufficient for your purposes. I have opened an account for you at the bank at Ilchester, the town three miles distant, and here is your check book."

Norah took it and looked at it rather bewildered.

"I don't know what to do with it," she said, with a smile. "I have never had a check book before, papa."

The earl smiled.

"Permit me to show you," he said. "You have but to fill in the amount in writing here and the figures here, and the date at the top, and sign your name, and the bank—or, indeed, anyone else—will pay you the sum stated on the check. That is if you do not draw more than a couple of hundred pounds, which is the sum I shall pay in to your account at midsummer and Christmas."

"Two hundred pounds—four hundred pounds a year!" exclaimed Norah, laughing and flushing. "Why, I shall not know what to do with so much money."

He smiled coldly.

"Doubtless you will find it go quickly enough. Dresses and—female apparel generally—are expensive, I believe. I place this money at your absolute disposal, and you will understand, of course, that as I am ignorant of all such matters you will procure your own wardrobe. If the sum is not sufficient, pray let me know, and I will increase it."

He had managed to destroy all the pleasure Norah had felt in the gift, and her smile vanished as he bowed her out, for she understood that he intended to imply that he had disclaimed all concern or interest in her clothes.

With the check book in her hand Norah went up to her own room, where Harman was stitching fresh lace on Norah's best dress.

"I came for my hat," said Norah, looking round for it.

"Yes, my lady," said Harman, and she fetched it, together with her gloves; she seemed to have taken complete charge of Norah's wardrobe, and almost, as it seemed to Norah, of herself included, and she half expected to hear her say, "Don't get your feet wet, my lady, and don't forget to keep the sun off your face."

It was almost with a sigh of relief that she found herself out in the garden, and she made her way across the lawn towards the park, looking about her as she went, and stopping to look back at the house, which appeared larger than ever in the bright morning light.

Presently she came to a large archway, and, looking through it, saw a paved courtyard with a number of doors opening on to it. These were the stables, and Norah was wondering whether she might pay a visit to them without committing some impropriety or breach of etiquette, when a huge deerhound came bounding out of the stables towards her with a deep bay.

A groom called him back, and the dog stopped short, but eyed Norah inquiringly and critically.

Norah was passionately fond of dogs, and, indeed, of all animals, and perfectly fearless. She called to the dog, and he came up to her slowly at first; then, wagging his tail, he rubbed his noise against her hand.

The groom came forward and touched his cap.

"Shall I send him in, my lady?" he asked, in the tone of subdued respect which Norah noticed distinguished all the servants at the Court.

"Oh, no," she said. "He is a very fine dog. What is his name?"

"Casper, my lady," replied the groom.

"He seems very quiet and good-tempered," said Norah, and she took the dog's head in her small hands, and into his large brown eyes.

"Yes, my lady, he's quiet enough, and good-tempered too with most people."

"I think he is very friendly indeed," she said. "I wonder"—wistfully—"whether he would come with me," for the big dog's evident desire to make friends had won her heart.

"Yes, my lady, I think so; and he's very obedient and tractable—leastways, where he takes a fancy."

"I hope he has taken a fancy to me," said Norah, and she moved a few steps and called the dog by his name. To her delight he sprang after her with a deep bay of satisfaction, and Norah, looking over her shoulder, and forgetting for the moment that she was not a mere visitor to Santleigh Court, said to the groom—

"I suppose I may take him?"

The man touched his cap with a slight look of surprise.

"Yes, my lady, if your ladyship pleases."

"At any rate," thought Norah, "I shall not be quite alone. Casper, shall we be great friends, you and I?" And she patted his head. "Let us see whether you are really a good and obedient dog. Come along."

Evidently perfectly prepared to strike up a profound friendship, Casper trotted along close beside her, and Norah, fearing lest he should suddenly take it into his head to break away and tear over some of the elaborate flower-beds, struck off into the park.

It was deliciously cool and shady under the great oaks, and with all a young girl's delight in the beauty of a summer morning, she wandered on, speaking to and patting the big dog, who still kept close beside her as if he had undertaken to guard and protect her.

After a time the park grew more dense and more wild, and the ground broken into little hills and dales, and Norah climed one of these, and seating herself at the foot of a tree, took off her hat, and called the dog to lie down at her feet.

He coiled himself up obediently, and laid his head in her lap, when suddenly he sprang up and uttered a low growl.

At the same moment Norah heard the dull thud of a horse's hoofs upon the soft turf in the little glade below her.

She looked down, telling the dog to be quiet, and saw, not a horseman as she expected, but a young man seated before an easel. He was almost immediately below her, and she could see him without being seen herself. He was evidently unconscious of her nearness, for he was painting with rapt absorption. It was also evident that it was not at him Casper had barked, for he glanced at him with perfect equanimity, and then kept his eyes fixed watchfully in the direction from whence the

sound of the horse had proceeded.

Norah had just time to observe that the artist was young and handsome, and was wondering who he was, when Guildford Berton, mounted on a powerful black horse, came riding into the glade, and Casper rose erect, with a low, deep growl.

It was obvious that Mr. Guildford Berton was not a favorite of Casper's, but Norah succeeded in quieting him, and was going back down the hill again, feeling no desire to meet the newcomer, when she heard him speak, and instinctively stopped.

"Good morning," he said, in a tone of cold displeasure.

The young man at the easel looked up.

"Good morning," he responded.

Norah's heart leapt, and her face crimsoned.

It was the voice she had heard on the terrace last night. With her hand upon Casper's collar to keep him quiet, she stood and waited to hear the voice again.

"Are you aware, sir, that you are trespassing?" demanded Guildford Berton, and with so overbearing and unpleasant a manner that, as Norah saw, the young painter looked up with surprise. She saw his handsome face flush, as if with resentment, at the other man's tone, but his voice was perfectly calm and self-possessed as he replied—

"No, I was not aware of it. I understood that this was the public wood."

"Nothing of the kind, sir," said Guildford Berton haughtily. "The public wood ends down at the gate there," and he pointed with his whip, "This is private property."

"Then I have to apologize, which I do at once and sincerely," said Cyril Burne. "It is a mistake that only a stranger could make, and I am a stranger. All the same," and he laughed, "I am sorry you did not come up to warn me half an hour later, for I should have finished my sketch."

He spoke with perfect good humor, and a graceful ease which charmed Norah; but it seemed in some way to incense Guildford Berton.

"Having informed you that you are trespassing, I shall be obliged if you will retire, sir," he said.

Cyril Burne looked at him with mingled surprise at his discourtesy, and amusement at his peremptoriness.

"Certainly," he said; then, as he slowly wiped his brush, quietly he said, "To whom does this property upon which I am trespassing belong, may I ask?"

Guildford Berton looked down at him very much as Norah had seen him look down at the carpet on the preceding evening.

"To the Earl of Arrowdale," he replied curtly.

Cyril Burne glanced at him.

"Am I addressing the Earl of Arrowdale?" he asked, in the same quiet, easy tone.

"No, sir!" replied Guildford Berton.

"His lordship's son, perhaps?" suggested Cyril. "Or nephew?"

"Neither, sir." And Guildford Berton's face darkened.

Chained to the spot by her interest, Norah looked down at them, with a sudden dawning of fear; for with all his self-possession there was something about the young artist that indicated a high spirit little used to brook the kind of treatment Guildford Berton was dealing out to him.

"No relation?" said Cyril, arranging his paint box. "An intimate friend?"

"I am a friend of the earl's sir, if you insist upon an answer," retorted Guildford Berton.

"Oh, I don't insist, said Cyril Burne; "but I was curious to know who it was, if you were not the earl himself, that he had authorized to treat the 'stranger within his gates' with discourtesy. Lord Arrowdale is not fortunate in his choice of friends."

The thrust was delivered so calmly, with such perfect ease, that for the moment Guildford Berton seemed too overwhelmed to resent it; then, either he must have touched his horse with his spur, or the animal had grown impatient, for he sprang forward, and was almost upon Cyril's back.

Cyril turned aside with the swiftness of a practised athlete, and, seizing the bridle, looked up at Guildford Berton's dark face.

"Take care, sir," he said.

"Take your hand from my bridle!" exclaimed Guildford Berton in a low voice, and he bent forward with his whip raised.

Without doubt it would have fallen on Cyril Burne's head or shoulders, but at that moment Casper, with a loud growl broke loose from Norah's hand, and sprang at one bound towards the two men.

The horse rose on his haunches so suddenly that Guildford Berton was thrown, and Norah, with a cry of alarm, ran down the hill.

Guildford Berton sprang to his feet clutching his whip, then stopped suddenly, and both men stood as if turned to stone, and stared at her.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was an awkward moment. Norah had descended upon them like an apparition, and there was no time to conceal the fury on the face of the one man, or the anger and indignation on that of the other.

It was especially an awkward moment for Norah; for, when you came to think of it, what can a lady do under such circumstances? She can scarcely strike an attitude and explain, after the manner of old-fashioned heroines of romance, "Hold, forbear!"

What Norah did was to look from one to the other, and then, as the blood slowly returned to her beautiful face, to murmur—

"For shame!"

Cyril Burne's face crimsoned, and, being the manlier of the two men, he hung his head for a moment as he stood without his hat, which he had just presence of mind to remove at her appearance: but Guildford Berton's face seemed to grow paler and sallower, and his nostrils contracted as he breathed hard and quickly, and tried to quiet the dog, which continued to threaten him.

Norah stooped down and caught Casper by the collar, and her movement broke the spell which seemed to have fallen upon Cyril and Berton.

"I—I'm afraid my horse startled you, Lady Norah," the latter said, without raising his eyes to her face after the first glance. "But—but this—dog"—he paused slightly before the word, and it was evident that he only just succeeded in smothering "cursed"—"always frightened me. It is a savage, ill-tempered brute that ought to have been shot long ago, and—and I don't think you ought to have him with you."

Norah patted Casper's head admonishingly.

"I don't think he is so savage," she said. "And I am not afraid of him."

"He always flies at me," said Guildford Berton, eyeing Casper sideways; "I'm sure I don't know why."

There was a moment's silence. Cyril resumed his packing up. Guildford Berton stood awkwardly twitching at the bridle, then he said—

"It is a fine morning for a walk. I have to go over to a distant part of the estate for the earl. Good morning, Lady Norah," and, raising his hat, he got into the saddle, and, with a swift glance out of the corners of his eyes at Cyril, rode off.

Norah had gone down on one knee the better to hold and restrain Casper while Berton was present, but she rose now, and Cyril quietly came forward and picked up her hat.

She took it from him with a slight inclination of the head, and a "Thank you," and was turning from him, when Cyril said in a low and earnest voice—

"May I venture to apologise for my share—the larger, I am afraid—in the scene which I fear you witnessed?"

Norah stood almost looking over her shoulder.

"I—I don't think it was all your fault, "she said in as low a voice as his, but her lovely eyes met his frankly and fearlessly.

He looked up with a flash of gratitude.

"Nearly all," he said. "I was the offender in the first instance. I am trespassing, and this gentleman very properly requested me to quit."

Norah could not help questioning whether it had been properly done.

"Surely you were doing no harm," she said with a faint smile, which Cyril caught and acknowledged with a leap of the heart.

"As to that, one does not know. I may have disturbed the game, or—" he paused, "intruded on a favorite walk—of yours, for instance."

She smiled distinctly now.

"Not of mine," she said. "I was never here until to-day."

"I am sorry I should have spoiled your first visit to so lovely a spot!" he said earnestly. "Indeed, it's beauty, as I said, must be my only excuse for intruding. I was so keen upon my sketch——" He stopped with a gesture of apology. "But I will efface myself as quickly as possible, and promise not to repeat my offence."

"You mean that you will go?" said Norah, coloring slightly. "Please do not; at any rate until you have finished your sketch."

He looked at her gracefully.

"You are very kind," he murmured. "I shall not take many minutes."

"Oh!" she said, with a long breath of deprecation. "There is need for you to hurry, and, perhaps, spoil it!" She laughed. "I am sure the earl—my father—would be only too glad for you to sketch any part of the place. May I see it?" she added, not shyly, but with a little hesitation.

"Certainly," he responded, and he placed the sketch upon the easel from which he had taken it.

Norah went up to it, and looked at it, and at once recognised that the trespasser was not a mere amateur.

"It is very pretty," she said dreamily. "It would have been a thousand pities to have left it unfinished. Please go on!"

He seated himself on his camp stool obediently, and took up his palette and brushes.

"What a lovely little glade!" she said absently; "and how well you have caught that beam of light across the elm trunk."

"Well, that isn't difficult," he said with a smile, "a trick of Chinese white and ochre. You spoke just now of the earl as your father?" he said in the same breath.

"Yes, I am Lord Arrowdale's daughter," assented Norah, still with her eyes fixed on the sketch, and the tanned, shapely hand working at it so deftly.

"Then, indeed, I have full authority for remaining, and am trespassing no longer," he said with a smile. "You have the good fortune to live in very beautiful surroundings. I don't think I ever saw a lovelier place."

"I have not been here very long," said Norah. "I only came here last night, and have seen very little or nothing of it."

His brush halted, and he looked up at her. Every word she spoke had an intense interest for him.

"Only last night?" he said. "How strange it must seem to you!"

"Yes, it is strange, very strange," she assented almost dreamily.

"And delightful," he suggested, in a low and cautiously serene voice. He was dreading lest she should suddenly awake to the fact that she was holding a tete-a-tete with a stranger and take flight; and every moment was so precious to him that he treated her as one treats a timid bird which a sudden movement or a loud tone might drive beyond one's sight and reach. "I mean that a beautiful scene becomes twice as beautiful when it is one's own."

"Or when one can make it one's own," she retorted with a glance at the sketch.

"Oh, yes," he said, catching her meaning instantly. "We poor painters have great compensations for our poverty. We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow, but we can snatch some sort of a reflection of the beauties which belong to other and more fortunate beings. This wants a bit of life in it," he went on without pausing, and jumping at an idea which occurred to him, an excuse for keeping her beside him a little longer.

"It would be a great thing if I could put the dog in—just there, at the foot of the elm." And he pointed to the spot on the the canvas with the end of his brush. "He seems quite quiet now."

Casper had thrown himself down almost at his feet, and appeared to be enjoying a snooze after his late excitement.

"Yes," said Norah innocently. "Could you not sketch him from where he is? If I made him get up, perhaps he would not sit still again; and yet I don't know. Casper!" Calling to him, she led him to the foot of the elm, and without much trouble persuaded him to lie down. "Will that do?" she said, smiling brightly at her success.

"Admirably!" he replied fervently. "How very, very good of you! I won't keep him more than a minute or two!"

"Oh, he'll be good, I'm sure!" Norah called back, and thinking only of the picture, and nothing of herself, she gently sank down on the moss, and laid her hand on the dog's collar to keep him quiet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PUBLIC BUSINESS.—A story is told of a king of France who told his minister that complaints of justice deferred had become so clamorous that he was determined for the future to look into the affairs of the state himself. Next morning his Majesty, looking from his bedroom window, saw six huge wagons, from which bundles of papers, duly red-taped and ticketed, were being discharged. On asking the minister who accompanied the papers what this meant, the reply was that those wagons contained a small instalment—the rest were to follow—of the papers which his Majesty, in following out his praiseworthy determination to attend to business himself, would require to examine. The king countermanded the wagons, and the minister, as before, was left to manage the state as seemed to him best.

Bric-a-Brac.

DRUGGISTS' LIGHTS.—The origin of colored lights in druggists' windows is as follows: Originally the barber or leech exposed in his window the medicines he had for sale. In time, when the business of selling was separated from that of prescribing drugs, the physician simply hung up a colored light, leaving the druggists to expose the medicine, or colored water that took the place of the medicines.

VALUABLE WINE.—In the wine cellar under the Hotel de Ville, Bremen, there are twelve casks of holy wine, each cask inscribed with the name of one of the Apostles. It was deposited in its present resting place 265 years ago. One case of this wine, consisting of 5 oxhofts of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix dollars in 1624. Including the expense of keeping up the cellar, interest on the original outlay, and upon interest, one of those oxhofts would to-day cost 555,657,640 rix dollars, or about $2,000,000 a bottle.

CALICO.—The word "calico" has a queer origin. Many centuries ago the first monarch of the province of Malabar gave to one of his chiefs, as a reward for distinguished services, his sword and all the land within the limit of which a cock crowing at a certain temple could be heard. From this circumstance the little town which grew up in the centre of this territory was called "Calicode," or the "Cock-crowing." Afterwards it was Colicut, and from this place the first cotton goods were imported, bearing the name "coilco."

JUNE AND MARRIAGE.—June was the month that the ancients considered most propitious for marriage, especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon, or the conjugation of the sun and moon. The month of May was to be avoided as under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households. Ovid says:

"Let maid or widow that would turn to wife,
Avoid the season dangerous to life;
If you mind old saws, mind, this I say:
"Tis bad to marry in the month of May."

There is another more common form of this prediction unfavorable to marriage in the month of May, which runs thus:

"Marry in May,
You'll rue the day,
To marry in May
Is to wed poverty.

WHISTLING AND CROWING.—An old Scotch saying has it that "Whistlin' maidens an' crowing hens are nae lucky about ony mon's toun." Thus the ordinary barn-yard fowl may be a feathered forerunner of evil. Birds from perhaps antediluvian periods have been looked upon as winged fortune tellers. In some parts of England even in our day the note of the swallow means the reception of some evil tidings, but to kill that bird is a certain way of bringing down unlimited evil on the destroyer. The white owl in France is universally held as a foreteller of death, and its "screech" is not much liked by English peasants. In France and Belgium the cry of the white owl is supposed to foretell all sorts of misfortunes. However, the counteracting remedy is not far to seek—it simply consists in throwing a pinch of salt into the fire when the sound is heard. Two crows, in some parts of Scotland, are considered very ominous of ill.

COURTSHIP.—Courtship among the remote tribes of Kaffristan presents some novel features. A Kafir, having fixed his affections upon a female, acquaints his parents with his intentions. They apply to the parents of the girl, and if the latter do not consent to the union a fight is inevitable. If the parties agree the next proceeding is to appoint two expert female negotiators, who broach the subject to the young lady. The lady ambassadors carefully avoid the sudden or abrupt mention of the awful subject of their mission, but launch out in praises of the gentleman who seeks her hand. They speak of his possessions, his courage, and other like accomplishments. The girl, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, grows refractory and runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires; while the female ambassadors, having got the consent of the parents, drag her from her concealment, and carry her by force to the house of her destined husband, where she is compelled to remain for days silent and dejected, refusing food, till at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is made to submit by blows to the union.

THE repeated application of oil of cinnamon will cause those ugly excrescences—warts—to disappear. Rubbing them with salt is also recommended.

A LITTLE.

So little made me glad, for I was young:
Flowers, a sunset, books, a friend or two,
Gray skies with scanty sunshine piercing through—
How little made me glad when I was young.

So little makes me happy, now I'm old;
Your hand in mine, dear heart, here by the fire,
The children grown unto our heart's desire—
How little makes us happy when we're old.

And yet between the little then and now,
What worlds of life and thought, and feeling keen!
What spiritual depths and heights unseen,
Ah me! between the little then and now.

For things seem mighty when we're young;
Then we rush onward through the changing years,
Testing the gamut of all smiles and tears,
Till mighty things seem little; we are told.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LORD CECIL'S hand closed spasmodically, but he kept it at his side; Percy Levant stood silent and impassive, and the Marquis merely raised his eyes from the paper upon which they had been fixed.

"I—I really don't think we need remain any longer, dear Lady Grace" murmured Spenser Churchill. "I really don't think we have any right to intrude upon this happy family party. We must leave them to settle their own little differences, eh? Allow me to escort you to your hotel. I have to preside at a charitable meeting in London the day after to-morrow, alas! or I should like to remain and see the mutual reconciliation; but duty—duty."

He crept nearer the door and offered his arm, but Lady Grace, with a haughty gesture, waved him off.

"No? You would like to linger till the denouement? Yes? Then I must go alone ———"

"Stop!" said Percy Levant quietly and calmly.

Spenser Churchill pulled up and looked at him sideways.

"I—I beg your pardon."

"Move at your peril," said Percy very sternly.

Spenser Churchill sidled towards the window, and with a quick movement threw it open.

"You mean to threaten me, detain me, offer me violence, my dear Percy," he said with a leer. "I think not. If any person—any person," and he glanced at Lord Cecil, "presumes to prevent my departure I shall call for assistance. There are police in the streets, who will protect me, an English gentleman of unblemished character and honorable repute. There are police, I say."

"There are," said Percy Levant, quietly and incisively. "There is an English detective at the door ready to arrest you, understand."

Spenser Churchill shrank back from the window.

"Indeed! on what charge, pray?"

"Conspiracy, and robbery from the dead!"

Then he pointed to the papers which had been stolen from Jeffrey Flint's body.

Spenser Churchill's face grew white, but he forced a laugh.

"Conspiracy, eh! the other is nonsense, utter nonsense! Who's to prove—ahem! But conspiracy! With whom? With Mr. Percy Levant?"

"With Mr. Percy Levant," repeated Percy grimly. "Your fellow criminal! One step, one cry for assistance, and he arrests us both."

Spenser Churchill clutched wildly at the curtains.

"You—you—traitor!" he gasped out hoarsely.

Percy Levant turned to Lord Cecil and said:

"I have simply stated the truth, my lord. A detective is waiting outside. It rests with you, it is for you to decide whether you will charge us. One thing remains for me to do."

He went to the door of the ante-room, and taking Doris's hand led her towards the group.

"Doris," he said in a low voice that trembled and broke for the first time. "Doris—your father!"

With pale face, wet with tears, Doris stood for a moment irresolute. The old man who had raised his head as her name smote upon his ear made an effort to rise, then sank back with outstretched hands and piteously pleading face.

"My child, my own child!" he cried, hoarsely.

It would have required a harder heart than Doris's to resist such an appeal for forgiveness, a cry of penitence and remorse.

She hesitated a moment while one could count twenty. Then she was at his knee, and his weak quivering hands were upon her head.

Lady Grace, panting with suppressed fury of jealousy, glanced at the picture which nearly moved two of the spectators to tears.

"How—how charming!" she said in a harsh voice. "Father and daughter. You have only to extend your blessing to the husband, my lord!" and she swept a contemptuous curtsey on Percy Levant.

"Yes, don't forget the wily adventurer, the music teacher of Soho, your son-in-law, dear Marquis!" pursued Spenser Churchill sardonically.

The Marquis started and looked up at Percy piteously.

"Are you—are you her husband?" he managed to articulate.

Percy Levant turned his haggard face towards them.

"No, my lord," he said in a hoarse voice, "we are not, and never shall be, married."

The Marquis drew a long breath.

"No."

"No," said Percy Levant almost inaudibly. "If I loved her less——" he stopped. "My love for her has saved her, my lord. Miss Marlowe—Lady Mary—is free from any claims from me."

Lady Grace's fan came to a sudden stoppage.

"Not married!" she gasped.

"Not married!" echoed Spenser Churchill in accents of malignant disappointment.

Percy Levant took at them both with a steady gaze.

"Not married," he said. "You may go now, Spenser Churchill."

"No!" cried a grave voice.

It was Lord Cecil's; and he sprang to the window.

"Not till justice——"

Percy Levant folded his arms and stood resigned and patient.

"Not till justice has been satisfied. I charge you, Spenser Churchill, with conspiracy——"

"And—and—Levant, and Lady Grace!" said Spenser Churchill with an evil leer.

"I am ready, my lord," said Percy Levant quietly.

But as he spoke Doris sprang to her feet, and gently putting her father's arms aside stood in front of Percy Levant.

"No!" she cried panting, "I say no!"

Percy Levant drew a long breath.

"Let the law take its course, Lady Mary," he said in a low voice.

But she still stood in front of him as if to shield and protect him.

The Marquis held out his hand to her as if he could not bear her to leave his side.

"Come to me, come to me. Let them—let them go," and he glanced in the direction of Lady Grace and Spenser Churchill.

The latter did not wait for the permission to be repeated. With an air of long-suffering patience and saintly resignation, he shook his head reproachfully at Percy Levant.

"Judas," he murmured, "we shall have a day of reckoning, we two, Judas!"

Percy Levant scarcely glanced at him; and Spenser Churchill as he moved slowly to the door smiled a ghastly smile at Lady Grace.

"Let me escort you from this exclusively family party, dear Lady Grace," he said sardonically.

But, like most conspirators when the plot has failed, she drew back and eyed him scornfully.

"Thanks, Mr. Churchill; but I have no further use for you."

At this turning of the tables, at this repudiation by the woman he had regarded and used as a tool and dupe, Spenser Churchill was almost overcome, and his light eyes flashed viciously; then with an effort that must have caused him a great deal of self-restraint he checked himself, and stretching out his hand and casting up his eyes to the ceiling said decorously and proudly:

"I forgive you, Lady Grace. I pity you, and I shall not forget to remember you in my prayers. Poor woman!"

Now, Lady Grace ought to have turned her back upon him in silent contempt, but she had been sorely strained, and this, the hypocritical taunting of the worm who had a few minutes ago been ready to crawl at the feet of his accusers, was the last straw which broke the back of her self restraint, and as Mr. Spenser Churchill passed her I regret to say that she closed her fan sharply and struck him across the face with it.

Lady Grace possessed a magnificent arm; the fan was a large one, of carved ivory, with many sharp corners. Mr. Spenser Churchill uttered a howl of pain, and fled.

Lord Cecil approached her and offered her his arm. She had nearly, if not quite, wrecked his life, she had caused pain and suffering to the girl he loved, she was unworthy of one moment's pity, but he remembered that she was a woman, and that she would have been his wife, and he offered her his arm in silence.

She looked up at his face with a quick, almost agonized, questioning, then turned from him, her face white, her lips quivering.

"No!" she said, almost inaudibly, "there can be no half way for us. Friend or foe, Cecil! Will you keep your promise to me?"

She had no need to go further; his face, grave and grim, answered for him. With a swift compression of her lips she caught up a shawl that hung on a chair, and without lifting her eyes to his face again slowly left the room.

Percy Levant took up his hat and went to Lady Despard, who was standing beside Doris.

"Will you—will you stay with her and—and help her. She was never more in need of your love than now," and he glanced significantly at the white face of the old man at whose knee Doris knelt.

She nodded silently, and Percy Levant, as he passed Lord Cecil, said in a low voice:

"I hold myself at your disposal, my lord, completely, entirely, without any reservation."

Then he stopped and looked at Doris—a look impossible to describe, easy enough to imagine—and seemed about to speak, but with a sigh he turned and walked out, and Doris scarcely knew that he had gone.

CHAPTER XL.

LADY DESPARD and Lord Cecil stood beside the Marquis's bed, at which, still holding the, hand now slowly growing cold, Doris knelt. Death, whom the old man, with the stubborn obstinacy of the Stoyle race, had hitherto kept at bay, was drawing near, very near.

They had carried him from the adjoining room, speechless and sightless, and so he had remained through the long hours of the night.

It was morning now, and white and weary with all she had undergone, Doris saw the rosy streaks faintly penetrating the window shutters.

Now and again the valet or the doctor, or perhaps Cecil, moistened the old man's lips; and now and again Doris smoothed the pillow, which might have been stone for all it mattered to the head that rested on it.

On the bed, and clasped tightly between the rigid fingers, were the papers which proved her right to the title of a peer's daughter, and beside them the will which might make her the mistress of the Stoyle wealth.

Suddenly, quite suddenly, as if, though appearing so incapable of effort, the old man had been battling in the darkness for consciousness and strength, the Marquis opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Doris!" he said. "Mary!"

"I am here!" she said inaudibly to all but him.

His fingers closed on her hand.

"Cecil—all who are here!"

They drew closer to him, and he flashed his dim eyes upon them.

"Listen to me. These are my last words. I—I acknowledge this lady to be my—my daughter—the child of my wife, Lucy!"

A spasm shot across his face.

"My will—the will which leaves all to her—is my last," he went on. "Remember—remember! My daughter—my—my own child!"

His eyes closed, and they thought he was dead, but his lips opened again, and Doris, if no other, heard the words that struggled from them.

"Lucy! Lucy! forgive! I am punished—punished!"

The last words of the great Marquis of Stoyle, who had all his life boasted that he had earned the title of "wicked," whose heart had never once melted until death came to turn it into dust to which even penitence and remorse are impossible.

* * * * * *

The wicked flourish as the bay tree, and the truly good are unable to live through persecution. If anyone imagines that Mr. Spenser Churchill was utterly annihilated by the disclosure of his pretty plot, that person is very little acquainted with the peculiar character of which Mr. Spenser Churchill was a prominent type.

For a week or two the good man betook himself to Paris, and there, in that quiet and peaceful spot, soothed his troubled spirits with, doubtless, pious reflections; but shortly afterwards he emerged from his retreat, and the hoardings of London announced that the great philanthropist would deliver a lecture at Exeter Hall in aid the funds of the Broken-winded Horses' Society.

The subject of the lecture was to be a glorious and inspiring one: Truth.

Punctually at the hour announced the eminent man, with placidly serene face, and softly, tenderly melting eyes, stepped on to the platform, amidst the cheering of the audience, the majority of whom were ladies, who waved their pocket-handkerchiefs, which they well knew they should presently require.

Mr. Spenser Churchill began his address. It was eloquent, toubbing, impressive; the handkerchiefs grew moist quite long before it was concluded, and when at last his soft and tearfully sympathetic voice died away in his final words, many a soft hearted woman—and dare I say soft headed man?—felt perfectly convinced that Mr. Spenser Churchill was far, far too good for this wicked world!

I am surely convinced that the hour will come in which the world will see him without his mask, and be ready to stone the hypocritical villain whom the almost worshipped as a saint; but the hour has not yet come, and the great philanthropist still flourishes as the bay tree.

Great will be the fall thereof when the Truth he loves to talk about shall prevail, and the axe lays the accomplished hypocrite low! May we be there to see!

A year passed away, and the sun, which goes on shining though Marquises die and hypocrites continue to flourish, shone through Lady Despard's beautiful boudoir in Chester Gardens.

In her favorite attitude—half reclining, half sitting—her ladyship nestled amongst the soft cushions of her favorite couch. Near her sat Doris—who, though known to the world as Lady Mary Stoyle, shall be Doris to us till the end of this eventful history.

She was sitting at a writing table spread with letters and volumes, some of them fearfully like pages of account books, and her beautiful face was puckered up with a charming frown.

Every now and then she consulted one of the appalling volumes, and then wrote for a few moments, after which operation she would grow more puckered and draw a series of perplexed and bothered sighs.

"How happy you look, dear!" said Lady Despard with a smile, after watching her for some time.

Doris started slightly and turned round to her.

"I thought you had gone away hours—days—weeks ago. Happy! I am almost driven to distraction. I wish—oh, I do wish there were no such things as accounts! or at any rate, that I had nothing to do with them."

Lady Despard laughed.

"'Muckle coin, muckle care,' my dear. Though I sympathize with your misery, I must confess I rather enjoy the sight of it. I suffered so much when I came into my own property. Oh, the weary, weary hours I plodded through heavy columns of figures and dreary 'statement.' But I've got used to it, and that's what you will do, in time."

"In time! Yes, when I have grown prematurely old and grey," said Doris, with a vexed smile. "I never understood what hard work it is, this being rich."

"I am afraid we shouldn't like it if we were very poor. I wonder"—she paused a moment, "I wonder how a certain Marquis likes poverty."

Doris bent lower over her blundering and utterly futile arithmetic.

"I do not know," she said, with a rather stiff air.

Lady Despard smiled.

"Anyone would know that you were a Stoyle by your pride, my dear," she remarked.

Doris looked up with an air of affected indignation.

"Pride! I am the meekest and humblest ———"

"Of Empresses," put in Lady Despard. "My dear girl, you may not know it, but you are as proud a minx as ever lived, and

the most unforgiving."

Doris looked over her shoulder for a moment, then turned her head away.

"I think you are unjust," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, no I'm not. For instance. Here are you suddenly become possessed of a grand title, large estates, and heaps of money. The title you can't help taking if people choose to call you by it, and the money—well, you take as little of that as possible; but not once have you set your foot in any one of the houses that are yours, or upon a spot of the many acres which your father left you. That's pride, though of course you'll say it isn't."

"I——"

"I haven't finished yet. Counsel for the prosecution first, if you please; afterwards we shall be happy to hear what you have to say in defence——"

"And find me guilty, whatever that may be," said Doris.

"Here, too, is a young woman with two lovers——"

"Oh, don't," muttered Doris, wincing; but Lady Despard declined to show any mercy.

"My dear, I am going to continue. It is well that you should hear the truth from someone, and as I am the only person who dares to tell it to your royal highness, why, I'll do my duty. Two lovers. One was utterly unworthy of you, poor fellow; an adventurer, who—but never mind. He repented in time, and I am not the woman to be hard upon him. The other is a young man who loved you devotedly, and is all that is honorable and lovable—and miserable! He never wronged you in any way, and though I can understand your sending the penitent adventurer about his business, I cannot understand how you could let poor Cecil go to this beastly little war, where as likely as not he will either be killed by some dirty half-naked savage, or die of the yellow, or blue, or black fever, whichever it is they have over there. Yes, I must say I do pity Lord Cecil, who never did anything——"

"But transfer his affections to another woman," murmured Doris, her face and neck a vivid crimson.

Lady Despard sank back on to the cushions and laughed with evident enjoyment.

"You little goose, I was leading you on to showing your hand. And you didn't see it! Of course, that is his offence. We could forgive the adventurer-lover who would have sold us for filthy lucre, and who only repented and drew back at the last moment; oh, yes, we can forgive him; but the other—he must be sentenced to life long disappointment, because possibly he was caught, lured into the net of the cleverest and most unscrupulous woman in England, and the cleverest and most unscrupulous man to back her. And we are not proud, we are not unforgiving! Oh, no, certainly not!" she summed up ironically.

Doris screened her face with her shapely hands.

"Why does not he ———?" then she stopped.

"Why doesn't he come forward and beg for forgiveness and ask you to be his own little Doris again and Mrs. Marquis?" cried Lady Despard drily. "Because he is as proud as you are, my dear. What! Ask a girl as rich as a female Crœsus to be his wife when he has only a few paltry thousands a year; ask the girl who would scarcely speak a word to him when he came to wish her good bye, perhaps for the last time. Why, isn't he a Stoyle, too, and haven't all of you got, and haven't all of you always had, the pride and stiff-neckedness of the dev—ahem! the evil one? My dear, I am the laziest soul in London, and I've registered a vow that I'll never get excited and warm over anything; but really when I think of you spending your days and nights in hungering for him and ——"

"Oh!" murmured Doris, and then she glided to her and hid her face on her shoulders.

"So you do! Do you think I can't hear you sighing long after you ought to be asleep, you obstinate and abandoned girl," retorted Lady Despard. "Doris, my dear, if I were only old enough, or you were young enough, it would be my pleasing duty to shut you up in your room on bread and water till you came to your senses and consented to hide your pitiful little head against his shirt front, spoiling his clothes instead of mine. My dear, would you mind covering my dress with your pocket-handkerchief if you are crying."

"I'm not crying," said Doris indignantly, and giving her a little push, but still hiding her face. "When—when did you hear from him last?" she asked in a whisper.

"Just two months ago," replied Lady Despard, her voice suddenly growing serious. "You were too proud to ask for the news, or I would have told you. He was all well then, but was going up the country after those miserable Decoys—Dacoits, or whatever they're called, and from what I have read in the papers I am afraid that ——"

Doris's hand tightened on her shoulder spasmodically.

"Don't pinch me, my dear; I didn't send him there. Catch me! I only wish he'd ask me to be his wife. I'd have married either of the two men you sent to Jericho; but that's the way with the gods, they always shower their gifts on the unworthy and ungrateful, and deserving people can go starving."

"I wish he had," murmured Doris; "you would both have been happy then."

"No, you don't wish anything of the kind," retorted Lady Despard indolently. "You would be ready to tear my eyes out if there had ever been the slightest chance of such a thing. Oh, you can't delude me into thinking you the gentle dove most people imagine you, you little scorpion."

"And that is all you know about—about him?" said Doris, timidly.

"Nearly all. I wish I knew more. I did mention the matter to his Grace at the reception the other night, and he looked rather grim and solemn, as if the whole expedition was sentenced —— No, no, Doris, I don't mean that!" she added hastily, as Doris's hand relaxed its hold, and she drew herself up, white and shuddering. "No, it ain't so bad as that; but—but—— Well—Ah, my dear, you ought not to have let him go."

Doris threw herself down again and faltered—

"It was not my fault; if—if he had said—if he had asked——"

"If me no ifs!" retorted Lady Despard. "My dear child, no man could have asked you anything while you treated him as you treated Lord Cecil after the Marquis's death. You were not a live breathing woman, but a marble effigy, a block of ice, and you froze him—and sent him to Burmah to thaw himself. Now, I'm not going to talk any more about him. Get on your habit, and let us go for a ride. Thank heaven, I love no man, and no man loves me! Heigh-ho!"

The footman brought in the evening papers as she spoke, and she took up one and glanced at it languidly; then she suddenly sat up, and uttered a low cry.

Doris who had gone to the door but had not left the room went back to her swiftly.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

Lady Despard closed the paper.

"I—I thought you had gone," she said. "Matter?—nothing. The pins and needles in my feet——"

"There is something in that paper," said Doris, in her low voice, her eyes fixed on it. "Tell me what it is."

Lady Despard hesitated a moment, then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, you'd buy one and see for yourself, so I may as well show it to you; but—but don't imagine the worst at once."

She handed her the paper, and pointed to a letter from the seat of war.

In a few—but, alas, how pregnant words the correspondent told the story of disaster which had befallen a detachment sent into the interior. Surrounded and outnumbered by the enemy, savages in nothing more than their mode of conducting warfare, the handful of English soldiers had fallen, as so many thousands of their fellows in the glorious years of the past had done, fighting to the last. There were only the few details which can be crammed into a column of newspaper type, but one line stabbed Doris to the heart.

"I am sorry to say that an aide-de-camp, the Marquis of Stoyle, better known as Lord Cecil, accompanied the detachment. Throughout the campaign Lord Cecil has distinguished himself by his bravery and devotion to duty, and by his genial and modest disposition had won the hearts of both officers and men. If, as there is too much reason to fear, his lordship has fallen with his ill-fated comrades, his loss will be sorely felt, and he can never be replaced. It will be remembered that he succeeded to the historic title just twelve months ago and very shortly before joining the regiment."

Doris said not a word, but stood staring at the paper, with dry eyes, and that awful feeling of benumbing anguish which crushes pain for a time but to lend it additional force afterwards.

Lady Despard put her arm round her.

"Doris, Doris! my dear, my dear!" she murmured. "Don't give way! While there's life there's hope; we can't tell what may have happened; I have reason to hope to think——" she stopped and sprang—actually sprang—to the door, and throwing it open said hurriedly, "Come in; oh, come in!"

The next moment a tall figure, with a sunburnt face and one arm in a sling, entered, and after a glance, one anxious glance, at the white face, rushed forward and caught Doris to him with his sound arm. Lady Despard waited until this happened, then glided out.

* * * * * * *

They sat up very late that night, and Lady Despard's boudoir was so dimly lighted that as she reclined on her couch she could not see, or pretended not to see, that Doris, as she sat at the Marquis's feet, had got his hand fast locked in hers, almost as if she dreaded lest he should vanish as suddenly as he had come. And every now and then she, glancing fearfully at Lady Despard, laid the brown hand against her cheeks and near, very near, to her lips.

There was not much talking, for Lady Despard was merciful and considerate, but at last she looked up.

"And now, my dear Othello, if you can and will design to recount some of your adventures, Desdemona and your humble servant, will be gratified. Though I have known since yesterday that you had escaped, I haven't any of the details, and I will confess to a faint and lazy kind of curiosity. Touching that interesting fact now, which I do trust will soon be all right, for it must be so awkward——" she stopped and glanced at Doris with provoking archness.

"Yes tell us!" murmured Doris.

Lord Cecil—he shall be Cecil for us to the end—looked suddenly grave, and hesitated.

"Yes, I want to tell you and I must," he said. "Not about myself so much as——" he stopped. "Did you see the list of the killed? Did they give a list of names?"

"No," said Lady Despard, "it was all surmise. Why do you ask that?"

"Because——" he stopped again, "Doris," and he laid his hand on her head, soothingly, "there was another person whom you know in this awful business, besides myself. Can you guess his name."

Doris shook her head apprehensively. Lady Despard leant forward.

"He was—he became—a fast and devoted friend of mine, Doris. But for him I should not have been here, dearest. He came out with the hospital, and I saw him first beside my bed. He pulled me through the fever."

He stopped again, and Doris held her face low down out of the lamp-light.

"We were great friends after that, and when our detachment was ordered to the interior he volunteered. I tried to dissuade him. There was no reason that he should go, but he insisted, and——. On the evening of the fight he stood by the guns with the rest and fought like a lion. Once or twice I found a moment to speak to him, for he was always near me. When the last struggle came I joined in the rush—that's the only word for it—and saw a couple of the Dacoits making for me. One I cut down, the other gave me this," he pointed to his arm, "and would have settled me—hush, dearest, don't cry—but this friend was near me still and he threw himself between us."

He stopped and drew a long breath.

"I don't remember any more till I came to, and crawling about came upon him. He was alive, just alive, but he knew me. I—I took his head upon my knee, and bent down. Doris, my darling, Doris, my dearest. Hush, hush! 'Tell her that her love saved me from worse than this, Cecil,' he said. 'Tell her that I died with her name on my lips. Be good to her Cecil, be good to—Doris!'"

Lady Despard was crying audibly.

"You know, dear, who it was that saved my life," said Cecil in a low voice. "It was Percy Levant."

And he drew her head upon his breast and kissed her with protecting tenderness as if he were responding to the dead man's solemn injunction.

* * * * * * *

When the Marquis and Marchioness returned from their long—but for them not too long—honeymoon, society deeming it incumbent upon it to bestow an impressive welcome on two of its most distinguished members, gave a ball in honor of the young and, as the journals put it, "romantic couple."

It was a very grand affair, and the *Morning Post* next morning devoted a column and a half to its description and a list of the high and mighty and famous guests, and stated rather emphatically that the most beautiful woman in the room was the young lady in whose honor the entertainment was given.

It went into newspaper raptures over her manner, her smile, her dress, and lastly her jewels, which, as it said, consisted of a suite of magnificent diamonds—the Stoyle diamonds, and poetically declared that their brilliance was only outshone by the wearer's eyes.

They were very beautiful, as a matter of fact, and no other jewels in the magnificent assemblage could compare with them, excepting perhaps, a suite of pearls set in antique silver, which was worn by—Lady Grace Peyton.

Twice in the course of the evening Doris and she met each other; and on both occasions, while Doris, with the meekness which somewhat always distinguishes the innocent turned her head aside, Lady Grace stared at her rival with a bold, defiant flash of her handsome eyes.

"I think," said Lady Despard, as she stood for a moment in a corner with Doris, "I think that for cool, brazen impudence, Grace Peyton excels all the world. Most women, all other women—having done what she has done, and knowing that we know what she has done—would have buried themselves in some German watering place for the rest of their lives. But, oh no, she not only thinks fit to put in an appearance here to-night, but actually—actually flaunts that set of pearls which she got by fraud—'stole,' if anyone ever stole anything in this world—from her husband. The whole set!"

"No not the whole set," murmured Doris softly, as she looked at Lady Grace glide through a waltz. "I have the ring."

"You have! Why, I have never seen it. The ring!"

"No, you never saw it," said Doris, a warm flush rising in her lovely face. "I don't wear it on my finger, dear, but—here," and she touched her heart. "She is welcome to all the rest while I have that and—him!" she added, turning to her husband as he came up to him.

[THE END.]

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—The driver of a Fifth avenue (N. Y.) stage fell into a reminiscent mood a few nights ago, and told a reporter the following remarkable facts about New York staging; "These are not like the old days. We have no chance to make "extras" now. When I drove on the Broadway line I used to hold back about $9 a day. We all did it. It was a regular thing. Each coach, in spite of what was held back, paid the company a profit of $16 a day. We turned in an average of $23, and the expenses were only $7. So we thought we had a perfectly right to a part of the "swag." The company tried all sorts of ways to break up the practice, but couldn't do it. They finally thought it was no use to try, and took it as a matter of course."

"Where are the old stages now?" asked the reporter, and the old veteran replied:

"Well, a man was riding with me the other day who told me he saw one in the Canary Islands and another in Cuba. Some of them went to Europe and the balance to different parts of this country. I saw one of them in Hoboken the other day, deserted, idle and rotting to pieces. I tell you, it carried me back to old times, and gave me a pain in my pocket-book when I saw it.

SHEER ALL ROUND.—About the time the temperance reformation began, a well-disposed farmer told one of his men that he thought of trying to do his work without whiskey, and asked him how much more he should have to give him to do without it. The man told him that he might give him what he pleased.

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep if you will do without."

The eldest son then asked him if he would give him a sheep if he would do without whiskey.

"Yes," said the father, "you shall have a sheep if you will do without."

The youngest son then asked if he would do the same by him.

"Yes, Sandy," was the reply; "you shall have a sheep, too, if you will do without whiskey."

Presently Sandy asked:

"Father hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

This was a home question; the father had hardly thought that he could do without the "good creature," but this direct appeal was not to be disregarded. The result was, that the demon was at once banished from the premises.

MISS MINNIE—"Mr. Figg, you really must buy a ticket for our ball. It is for the benefit of a poor, starving dressmaker." Figg—"But is she really deserving do you think?" Miss Minnie—"I know she is. She has done lots of work for the girls of our set, and always lets us set our own price."

MY IDOL.

BY S. M. B.

I love thee now—what matters it
Whom I loved long ago?
My heart to thine is closely knit
Nor will it fall, I trow.

None of those other loves I knew
Were half so dear as thou—
Then be content, for this is true
Thou art my idol now.

"From Conviction."

BY H. F. W.

THEY WERE twins, the two brothers, and as much alike as twins generally are. Rich, young, handsome with all the beauty of their race—the Fitzgeralds, when they bought the old Appledore estate, quickly became the "cynosure of neighboring eyes." The eyes of many daughters of the surrounding land, and not a few mothers.

The latter considered that young, eligible men, with incomes which tradition placed at two thousand a year each, were not met with every day.

The former perceived that such good-looking young men were few and far between; and forthwith "hoped they should see something of the Mr. Fitzgeralds," as they gently expressed in conversation their firm determination that the Mr. Fitzgeralds should see a great deal of them.

The vicar's daughters, the Doctor's sister, the Curate's aunt, who kept house for him was fond of saying, how "very little difference in age" there was between herself and "dear Reginald"—twenty years apparently being a mere trifle in her eyes—together with many daughters of the country houses in the neighborhood, all eagerly anticipated the first news, the earliest verdict on the new-comers.

The men who called on them said simply after the concise manner of the sterner sex when describing each other:

"Not a bad sort, either of them;" which was all as it should be; but to the minds of their female relatives, lacked color as a description.

No more detailed one seemed forthcoming, however.

A terrible whisper crept about to the effect that the Fitzgeralds had "declined with thanks" the invitations to tennis and dinner-parties which had been sent them, and had only dined out once since their arrival at the house of an old Squire in the next county, a confirmed bachelor, who was known to his lady acquaintances as "a regular bear."

This was followed by the proclamation of a still more terrible fact.

"The Mr. Fitzgeralds are—misogynists."

When those who did not know what the word meant had condescended to believe those who had looked in a directory, and did hope contradicted the poet's words, in that it fled at once and for ever from the feminine breast in Appledore.

For it was true. Bob Fitzgerald himself had said it.

The Vicar had called on the brothers at once, parochially of course, and, to him, Bob had put it very plainly:

"My brother and I do not go into society—not general society, that is. We are misogynists, from conviction. Never have anything to do with any women. You'll come and see us though, as often as you care to?"

The good man assented readily. His instincts were sociable, and, without altogether agreeing with his hosts, he could not but confess to himself that moments did occur in his own daily life, when he found the society of the five women to whom he belonged a trifle monotonous.

* * * * * *

The simple fact was that it seemed to the brothers that woman's chief end was to marry man, and having married him, to make him miserable for ever.

And having seen one after another of their greatest cronies fall into this terrible pitfall, and finding it difficult in London wholly to keep out of the society they dreaded and hated, they took this old country place and settled down in safety; for the women could not force themselves on two bachelors.

In town, their own sisters, cousins, and aunts had formed a too close connecting link. Here, there was none.

In their menage, their principals were faithfully carried out. Every one of the servants were men, except one old woman, who was very deaf and exceedingly ancient.

To the presence of this one member of the despised sex they had been obliged to submit, as butler, footmen, page-boys, and errand boys all drew a hard and fast line round their respective duties, within which line nor words nor wages could induce them to include bed-making.

There was, naturally, an oddly masculine air about the rooms.

Comfort was studied, appearances comparatively disregarded, for, though all the furniture and decoration was good and artistic, everything lacked the finishing touches which only a woman can give to a home.

There was a curiously lonely look about the drawing-room, which contained, as Jem proudly said, "No women's gimcracks," and in the dining-room, dust lay thickly in corners and crevices, too small to come within the wide, masculine field of vision, either of masters or servants.

The smoking-room was in too constant use to bear any traces of the rather desolate aspect of the rest of the house.

Perhaps, unconsciously to themselves, this influenced the two brothers in the frequent use they made of it.

They were sitting there together, one showery afternoon, about a week after the Vicar's call, each with a cigar and a more or less engrossing paper, enjoying themselves in attitudes which were sufficiently characteristic.

Jem, the slighter and fairer of the two, lay at full length in a long, cushioned deck-chair, his grey eyes lazily staring into the fire, and his arms crossed.

Bob, whose clear-cut, handsome features were an exact copy of his brother's, except that they were copied in a brown skin instead of a fair one, sat upright on a chair turned the wrong way, so that his face and its back faced the fire together.

He was restlessly jerking the chair backwards and forwards, and pulling his heavy moustache with one hand, while the other held his half-finished cigar.

His was the leading spirit of the two. He was more determined, more enterprising than Jem.

He it was who had proposed this arrangement; had taken the house; had engaged their domestic retainers; had returned the calls of those men who had called on the two; and had infused enough spirit into Jem to make him believe that the whole thing was what he had himself all along intended to suggest to Bob as "a good move."

Jem went through life with an easy insouciance, which, as he often mentally observed, "saved no end of trouble."

He was thinking—as he watched Bob's chair jerk more and more, and Bob look more serious than he himself often felt called upon to do—how uncomfortable it must be to worry oneself about anything, and wondering if he should exert himself to break the silence which had lasted for the last five minutes, when Bob's chair suddenly stood still, and he said, abruptly:

"I say, Jem, there are more women hereabouts than we bargained for, I'm afraid."

"Same everywhere," Jem responded, briefly.

"It's a nuisance, when the place is so exactly what we want—shooting, and everything."

"They don't bother us."

"They may. There is no being up to the ways that women have of getting at one. I got a note yesterday from Mrs. Russell—subscription to the decorations, or something. If I don't answer it, she'll come and call. If I do, she'll equally call to thank me. I know them all."

"Be out," suggested his brother. "You have no resources, Bob. By the way, did you meet the Vicar to-day? Out with four women! Great Scott! I'd be buried alive first!"

"He is," answered Bob, grimly, "under feminine strata of various ages."

"His life must be a burden," continued Jem, lazily.

"A burden!" echoed. "Rather! And such a decidedly unnecessary one; as if life weren't quite bother enough, without giving yourself a double share of every annoying detail in the shape of a woman's fads."

"There are those who say that the process diminishes annoying details," Jem said brusquely, with an odd twinkle in his eyes.

There were moments when he loved to tease Bob.

"There are those who will swear that two and two make five," retorted his brother. "Thank goodness, if there is one subject I understand, one subject I have well thought out, it is a woman."

"You cannot speak from experience, though."

"From study, which is far more conclusive. Speak from experience! Heaven save me—or rather, I am quite capable of saving myself from so humiliating a fall!"

"You're aggressive this afternoon, Bob. What's up?"

"I'm bothered. I want to go to Shirland. He's taken that large moor. I want some shooting there awfully; but—he's got lots of sisters, and that house is so full of women. It will be hateful; and I can't make up my mind."

"Oh, go; the women won't bother you. They don't go on much when they know how one feels, I think—not seriously. And Shirland knows—he'll say."

"Oh, he'll tell them all right. You'd go then, would you, and chance ten or twelve girls?"

"Rather. I wish he'd asked me, that's all. You'll see so little of his women, it's not worth bothering about."

"All right. I think I shall. What shall you do? Go to Paris, or yachting, or what?"

"Oh, Paris; for a fortnight or so, I think. Come out, it's lifting just now, and I want to see Edwards about those pheasants."

* * * * * *

Jem did not go at once to Paris, after Bob's departure, however.

Every other day he looked out trains and boats; and on the days in between he made up his mind that he must first go to his tailor.

But as the making up of Jem's mind was a process which generally took till four o'clock or so in the afternoon, it was impossible to "run up" to London that same day, and he invariably ended by "sleeping over" the whole question.

The weather was glorious. Perfect September days are enough to make any man hesitate as to leaving a charming old country place for hot, dusty Paris—any man, at least, with Jem's lazy country-loving nature. And day after day slipped by.

Post-cards, the only form of correspondence he ever indulged in, proclaimed Bob's welfare, or asked that some indespensable article or other might be sent him, and Jem had nearly come to the conclusion that it was quite necessary he should give up Paris and "see after Bob's belongings," on the principal, perhaps, that any excuse is good enough for the inert mind, when the weather broke up completely and very suddenly with a series of thunderstorms.

On the second day of alternate down pour and grey, heavy skies, Jem sat in the smoking-room, and used strong language about his own folly in not going away before.

He had indulged in his pastime for nearly an hour, while the sky grew gradually darker and darker, when a vivid, almost lurid flash of lightning, followed instantly by a crashing roll of thunder, made him start up and go, with curious instinct we all have at these moments, to the window "to see" the invisible.

"It's awfully near," he said to himself, as he stood at the window.

He looked towards the park to see if anything had been struck, then turned to the angle from which he could see the front entrance.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed suddenly, flung down his cigar, strode out of the room, and in two seconds had reached the hall door, and flung it wide open, with amazement plainly written on his countenance.

There, dripping from head to foot, stood a girl.

Her hat and its feathers were one soft, shapeless mass; her thick blue serge gown was dark and discolored with rain; her dark brown hair was in short, tight wet curls; and tiny streams of rain all over her face.

But, notwithstanding all this, no one could have possessed a sweeter, fresher, more innocent looking face than the one which was lifted to Jem, and grew crimson as she said, imploringly:

"Oh, I do beg your pardon, but I'm so frightened always in a thunderstorm. I came to meet my uncle; I lost my way; I don't know these roads much, and—I didn't see any house but this when it began to thunder. May I just stand in the porch till it's over? I was going to ring and ask, when you came."

"Stand in the porch!" said Jem, hastily. "Goodness, no! Come in."

"Oh, this will do quite well, thanks," she said, looking more confused and prettier than before. "I'm only so afraid of the lightning."

"Nonsense," Jem said, rather abruptly; "you must get dry somehow. Come in."

Half-reluctantly and half-compelled to obey by the peremptory tone, which was the same Jem would have used to a man in like circumstances—his sentences had so rarely been framed for woman's ears—she followed him across the hall, leaving a shower of tiny drops as she walked.

He took her straight into the smoking-room—he had given himself the solace of a fire there—and rang the bell.

The girl looked so surprised, so out of countenance at her surroundings, that even Jem understood, and said reassuringly:

"It's all right; I'll send for my—my—housemaid," after several vain attempts to give the anomalous position of their one woman inmate a name. "Send Mrs. Hewetson here at once," Jem said to the amazed footman.

"I'm staying at Weremouth," the girl said. "My uncle is Mr. Burnet. It was very foolish of me to get lost; but I did want to walk so, and he would have driven me back. It wasn't raining when I came —— Oh!" as a second flash lighted up even the dark old engravings on the walls. "Oh—it's so near," and she grasped the back of a chair near to her.

Then, with a sudden change of thought, only possible to a woman, said:

"Oh, I'm spoiling your carpet so," looking at the circle of wet drops around her.

"Hang the carpet! Oh, I beg your pardon," Jem responded; "but it doesn't matter two straws. I want you to get dry. Where is that woman?"

"That woman," opened the door at this instant, having delayed manifestly in order to get a clean apron.

"Mrs. Hewetson," Jem said, "take this lady and get her things dry. See after them carefully. And—and—Miss——"

Jem, suddenly remembering that he did not know the name of the girl whom the storm had thus cast at his doors stopped short.

"Beatrice Kennedy, my name is," she said, with the first approach to a smile that had appeared on the shy little face. "I don't know yours, you know."

"Oh, I'm Jem Fitzgerald," her host answered, wondering if she had heard his name, and wishing, for the first time and half-unconsciously, that the traditions which clung to it were other than they were.

"It's so very kind of you," she began.

Then, in obedience to Jem's brusque, embarrassed "Nonsence! get dry quick, or you'll have a most awful cold," she moved to the door, and it closed behind the two women.

Jem sat down by the fire in more perturbation of spirit than his lazy inner self had known for years.

What would Bob say? Would this woman be the means of bringing a whole lot of others about the place? Would all her people come and call?

Well, it was no good bothering. She was a stranger, going away soon, very likely. And no one, not Bob even, could have sent her away in this rain.

He did not ever remember seeing a woman quite like her before. There couldn't be many with curly hair, and those lovely large dark grey eyes, which had looking so round and childlike when she was frightened just now.

He stirred the fire meditatively. A lingering thought was in his mind that perhaps some were better than others, perhaps all women weren't so scheming and insincere as he had always thought.

But he pulled himself up quickly, saying aloud:

"What a fool you are, Jem! As if you didn't know the whole lot through and through!"

And he left these vague imaginings for the more practical thought that had just occurred to him.

First that something hot to drink was good, surely, when you get so wet as that; and what did women drink? Could he offer her whisky? The second was that he must offer to drive her home, whether he liked it or not.

There was no sign on his face of not liking it when, twenty minutes later, he stood by the fire with his rough-weather coat on.

On a table at his elbow stood hot claret and water. He had decided that this was "more in a woman's line."

The door opened, and Miss Kennedy came in, looking, if possible, prettier than when she stood in the rain on the steps.

One hand gathered together the many folds of a voluminous short black gown of Mrs. Hewetson's; the other drew a large grey woollen shawl into what folds were possible to its thick texture.

Her hat was the only one of her own

properties which adorned the pretty little figure.

"My things won't be dry for so long," she said, seeing Jem's look, "that your housekeeper has loaned me these. I've come to say good bye, and thank you very much indeed for being so good to me; and will you please tell me which is the quickest way for me to get home—to Weremouth?"

"You're not going yet," said Jem. "And when you do go, I'm going to drive you in my dog cart. Come here and have this to drink. Nonsense," as he saw she was going to refuse. "Come you must. You'll be no end foolish not to."

The color ran in waves all over her face. But she did as Jem's peremptory words bade her, and then said, rather hesitatingly:

"It's so very good of you. Uncle will thank you; but I can't bear you to have the trouble—of driving me. I'd so much rather not."

"I'd much rather, though."

And Jem spoke the truth. He was beginning to think that it really did not matter, for the present, whether those eyes were insincere or not. He wanted to go on looking at them.

He tucked her up in the dog-cart, jumped in after her, and came to the conclusion, as they drove along, that wet weather was most agreeable and pleasing, and the desire for a fine summer popular prejudice only.

* * * * * *

Jem's horse grew thoroughly acquainted with that road in the course of the next few weeks.

He refused Mr. Burnet at first, when the old gentleman—honestly grateful for Jem's care of his niece—gave him the ordinary English tangible form of thanks, a pressing invitation to dine.

But when Mr. Burnet answered his refusal by:

"Not go into society! I'm not offering you society, my dear sir, only just a quiet dinner with my niece and myself—just Trix and me, that's all," Jem gave in, weakly, he thought, with one side of his decisive faculty; the other side had got past caring for anything while he could only have a chance of seeing those grey eyes.

Two quiet evenings with "Trix and me," brought Jem to the conclusion that Bob was not infallible.

Some women might be trustworthy—and, suddenly, he found that he would have answered with all he held dear for Beatrice Kennedy's faith.

The third time, he went to Weremouth "Just to call," he said; but a call lasting from five to ten is, fortunately, rare. Neither is it wholly conventional to take your hostess into your arms, at leaving, and kiss her.

Jem did; nor did he look confused when he became aware that old Mr. Burnet stood in a door way watching them, with an odd smile at the corners of his mouth.

* * * * * *

Three months had gone since Bob left Appledore for Scotland; his postcards had grown fewer and fewer. Which was perhaps as well, for Jem certainly had no time to answer them. He had not written himself.

"Explanations take so many sheets of paper," he said.

"And so much trouble, you lazy Jem," said his wife.

They were standing together by the fire in the smoking-room; both her hands were clasped round one of his arms, his other arm was round her slight shoulders, and his hand ruffled her dark brown, curly hair.

"Well, he'll be home soon, for certain, and that's simplest. Afraid of him! Nonsense, Trix; why? Hates women? Well, you know—so——"

But Jem was interrupted by the hasty opening of the door.

"Bob!" he exclaimed, as he became aware that his brother, in travelling coat and cap, stood before him.

"Jem, I thought I should find you here," Bob began.

Then he suddenly caught sight of the little figure standing by Jem, and broke off with an indefinable look on his handsome face.

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. James Fitzgerald, Bob," was Jem's somewhat irrelevant response.

But Bob turned on his heel abruptly, and went out of the room. Before Jem had time to answer Trix's anxious words, Bob was back again, and with him a tall, dark, graceful girl.

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald, Jem," he said.

* * * * * *

The vicar's daughter, the doctor's sister, the curate's aunt unanimously agreed that "when people change their minds, they should change them reasonably," and the Mrs. Fitzgeralds are hardly so popular with those ladies as they deserve to be.

PECULIAR WEDDINGS.

ON ONE CHRISTMAS-DAY morning there were no fewer than seventeen wedding fixed for the same hour, half-past nine, in a certain parish. As there was a service at half-past ten, it was not easy to get through the work, even though the happy pairs were "married all together." Luckily, our chancel was a large one; so, ranging the wedding parties in a huge circle around us, we stood in the centre, addressing to the congregation at large the exhortations suitable to all alike; and going the round of the circle, from pair to pair, with the questions which have to be put individually.

We once took a wedding at which the only attendant, besides the groomsman and bridesmaid, was a stout determined-looking elderly female, who did not come up with the wedding party to the altar rails, but seated herself in one of the choir stalls not far off.

We observed that both bride and bridegroom looked at her with very disquieted glances. Once or twice we noticed that the elderly female seemed to be about to make a move, especially at that part of the service when possible opponents are requested to "speak, or else hereafter for ever hold their peace."

When the service was over, we inquired of this good dame why she had come to the wedding.

"I'm the girl's mother," was her reply, "and I came to prevent the business."

We naturally asked why she didn't "prevent the business;" and we found that the thought had struck her at the last moment that they "might do worse than get married, after all."

We have often since thought of what must have been the agitated feelings of that bride and bridegroom until the irrevocable words were said over them.

A terrible incident happened at another wedding, that of a couple both of middle age. There was a grating just in front of the altar rails, which led down to the pipes which heated the building.

In his agitation in putting the ring upon the finger of his bride, the unfortunate bridegroom let it go, and it rolled down the grating.

The clerk descended and hunted for some time. The ring, however could not be found.

The poor bride shed copious tears, and the bridegroom gallantly stanched them as well as he could with a large red and-green handkerchief, murmuring soothingly:

"There, don't 'ee cry—don't 'ee cry," in the endearing tone which is often used to a baby.

We are sure we sympathised; but our sympathy was hardly sufficient to control our risible propensities. A ring had to be borrowed from one of the officials; and the bride's tears were dried at last.

Marrying a couple one or both of whom are deaf is a funny experience.

We remember a bridegroom who was perfectly deaf, and could not catch the import of a single word uttered in our loudest tones. Could he read? we wondered; and to find out, we placed the book before him. Yes, he could; and began:

"I, M., take thee, N., to be my wedded wife."

We tried, but in vain, to make him understand that he must substitute his own name for "M.," and his bride's for "N." He smiled a smile of incomprehension; and we had to leave him to describe himself as "M."

The words "ordinance" and "plight" were too much for him—he shook his head, and left them out altogether.

We wondered then, and we have occasionally wondered since, how the courtship of that worthy couple had gone on. It must certainly have been an "affaire du coeur;" not of the mere external senses.

A couple once presented themselves who had not given any previous notice of their intention to be married.

The bridegroom, when he was asked why he had not done so, replied:

"Because I want to be married by license."

"Then," we said, "we suppose you have brought the license with you?"

But we found, from his answer, that he imagined a license was a document which a clergyman could make out at any moment on a sheet of paper.

When he had grasped the idea of what a marriage by license really was, and that, consequently, he could not be married there and then, the state of mind into which he and the rest of the party were thrown may be better imagined than we can attempt to describe.

We felt sorry for them; but of course we could not help it. It was amusing to hear the ejaculations of the different members of the party.

"Oh dear, what are we to do?" sobbed the bride.

"Well, I have been made a fool of," said the bridegroom.

'Law is law—yes, law is law, and it can't be helped," was the philosophical reflection of the bride's father.

They were married shortly afterwards, but not by license.

We remember a wedding which had some very peculiar circumstances attending it. All the legal conditions were complied with, and yet there was an air of secrecy and mystery about the whole business.

At ten o'clock the bride arrived, in ordinary dress, by herself; at twenty minutes past ten the bridegroom appeared, coming from quite a different direction, also by himself. A few hurried words were exchanged between them in the vestry. The clerk and sexton, who both happened to be about, were requested to act as witnesses. When the service was over, the bridegroom left the church alone by the west door. Some twenty minutes afterwards the bride departed, by another door, and went off in another direction.

We never gained any clue as to the motives for all this secrecy; but "where there's a mystery there's always a history." We wonder what their history was.

Let us conclude this series of wedding recollections by mentioning what we consider a very pretty custom which is observed in some parts of Kent and other southern countries.

An arch is constructed by the villagers at the churchyard gate, on which are suspended the implements of the handicraft to which the bridegroom belongs.

A carpenter has his saw and plane and foot-rule; a blacksmith his hammer and pinchers and horseshoes; and so forth. We have seen these sometimes combined in a very tasteful manner.

There yet dwells in our memory the case of a bridegroom who had no particular occupation but that of frequenting the public-houses, and in his case some cynical friends stood holding a huge basin of beer outside the churchyard gates.

CONTRADICTIONS IN CHARACTER. — "Speaking of dogs," said a yarn spinning boat club man, chuckling softly to himself over some mirth provoking memory, "there was a queer thing happened one day last week. One of the young fellows belonging to the boat club has a pretty hot temper, although he's a mighty good hearted boy. Well, the pup that belongs to the fellow that tends to the club house chewed up a $4 hat on young Blank and it made him pretty hot.

"He swore that he'd kill that blasted pup, and he chased him all over the pier with that intention, but the pup was too lively for him and led him a regular chase. Finally the boy got the dog cornered out at the pier head, and the pup, as a last resort, jumped overboard. Over goes Blank after him and swims him down, for the dog was no swimmer. Well, he just pounded the face off that pup and soused him under so much that two or three women standing round said he was a perfect brute.

"The next day young Blank came down again. There was an awful sea on; I never saw a worse. The water was breaking clear over the pier and sending suds clear over the clubhouse roof. Blank had to make a run for it to get down the pier as far as the club house. The dog saw him coming, and thinking, I suppose, that he was going to soak it to him again, he make a sneak down the pier and plumped off the end, right in among those broken rocks and jagged piles. It was sure death for the dog with such a sea running. Blank stood and figured a minute. He is a pretty good boatman and a first rate swimmer, but he knew a man with a boat hadn't one chance in a thousand of getting out to that pup and getting in again safe.

"He turned round and went into the club house, chucked off his coat and shoes, got down a boat, and somehow—the Lord knows how, I don't—got her over the lee side of the pier and tumbled into her. He got the dog all right, but it was a queer thing for him to do, now, wasn't it? To risk his life for a worthless cur that he'd been bent on drowning the day before?"

I thought it wasn't so queer, after all, and would like to know that young fellow; he's worth knowing.

Scientific and Useful.

ALCOHOL.—If gelatine be suspended in ordinary alcohol it will absorb the water, but as it is insoluble in alcohol, that substance will remain behind, and thus nearly absolute alcohol may be obtained without distillation.

THE SLOT MACHINE.—A traveller has found in an inn at Sheffield, England, a nickel-in-the slot machine that has been in use more than a hundred and fifty years. It is a tin tobacco box, which can only be opened by dropping a penny through a hole in the cover. The defect in the apparatus, compared with the modern device, is that it does not limit the supply to the customer, who, if so disposed, may help himself to all there is in the box.

WALKING STICKS.—Walking sticks are turned to novel purposes by an inventive manufacturer. From one a silk umbrella emerges, and, screwed into the handle, answers every purpose; in another a dozen pennies are stowed away; another contains a measure for the height of horses, with a spirit level attached; while another with a crystal handle shows the face of a watch, which tells the time perfectly. Raising the lid, it is easily wound up as required, and the crystal shows the hands distinctly.

MACHINE MADE GLASSWARE. — The manufacture of glassware by machinery on a permanent scale is now for the first time undertaken in this country, at Ellenville, N. Y. When it was reported that a machine for blowing glass bottles had been invented and successfully worked in England a syndicate of American glass manufacturers was formed with the view of introducing the machines in this country, and one of the members was sent over there to examine and report upon the merits of the invention. The machine as now fitted up will blow quart bottles only. It is operated by a man and boy, and is very simple of construction. It consists of an iron upright, around which revolve arms fitted with moulds for shaping the glass. A pipe supplied with a current of air and readily manipulated by the operator does the work of blowing. The machine is operated with astonishing celerity and is said to be capable of turning off 100 dozen of perfect bottles a day.

Farm and Garden.

THE ORCHARD.—An orchard was suffering from a wet subsoil. The growth was stunted, and there was little fruit. The orchard was tile drained three or four feet deep between the rows. The trees started at once into vigorous growth, and bore well.

HANDLING HORSES.—Of two colts similar in disposition and sense, one may develop into a steady and valuable family horse, while the other may be everything that is vicious, treacherous and unsafe—all because of the difference in the men handling them.

GREASE SPOTS.—Grease spots, if old, may be removed from books by applying a solution of varying strength of caustic potash upon the back of the leaf. The printing, which looks somewhat faded after the removal of the spot, may be freshened by the application of a mixture of one part of muriatic acid and twenty five parts of water.

PASTURE.—If a pasture-field is not yielding grass as it ought, try giving it a good top-dressing of manure. Some farmers think this is the best place to apply manure. Ground to be planted with corn should be manured in the fall and plowed in the spring. The manure goes into the soil and produces wonderful results next year. It will not wash off, even on steep land.

WEEDS.—There are some weeds that put in an appearance early in the season, and take possession of the land before the seed planted comes up. To assist in giving them a chance to grow plow the land early, and as soon as the seeds of the weeds have sprouted go over the field with the cultivator and also harrow the ground, before planting the crop. This will lessen the weeds and put the land in better condition.

THE CELLAR.—The house cellar will not be benefitted by warm weather, so far as the decay of stored vegetables is concerned. The cellar should be kept clean and free from odors. On mild days a current of air should be allowed to pass through for a short time. Any signs of decay of the fruit or vegetables should prompt you to at once overhaul the bins and clean out all rotten or diseased potatoes or roots, and the milk should never be placed in a cellar that is used for the storage of crops.

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A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2.00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2.00 for THE POST one year.

Grumblers and Grumbling.

By a beautiful and very comforting dispensation it is ordained that every nation sets up its own characteristics as the standard of conduct, and by an equally beautiful dispensation it happens that any speaker of any given country rarely mentions any very objectionable mode of conduct without setting the defect down as peculiarly characteristic of some other nation not his own.

Almost every nation under the sun pay themselves oblique compliments by claiming certain virtues as peculiarly national and peculiarly their own, while they double their power of paying the aforesaid compliments by setting down every conceivable vice as the exclusive property of some other nation. Thus every one is more or less satisfied, and we all go on in a comfortably vainglorious manner.

But if we get away from national traits, and deal with the man or woman in private life, we reach more delicate ground, and wary walking is needed.

A man who chooses to set up as a grumbler may convert life into a pilgrimage of pain for all around him, especially if his personal character and ability are not altogether contemptible. By a little well timed dexterity he can inflict much pain; and, if he is at all cruel by nature, he comes to take a delight in his own power of causing suffering.

This man is great on the subject of cooking. We know that the cook is sometimes capable of inventing culinary abominations of the most disgusting kind. Do we not know that ghastly leg of mutton which stews in the oven until it is flabby, stringy, foul favored in parts, nasty in some, and tasteless in others? It is a vile dish; but the family grumbler will never allow that anything is done well.

He is economic of praise—in fact, he never praises anything at all—and he accepts every loyal service proffered him with the grace and ease appropriate to an ill conditioned dog; but catch him ever miss a chance of snarling!

He interferes with petty matters; he is eternally asking, "What is the meaning of this?" or "What is your idea in doing that?"

If there is nothing else handy in the way of subjects for fault finding, he will discover a draught, or he will discover that a picture is hung slightly awry, or he may take it into his head to test the scholastic attainments of his children

He chills the spirits of company by his ill-conditioned scowl, and nothing will cure him even for a short time until some strong man fairly startles him by fierce yet calm words.

Women are made for martyrdom; and certainly they become martyrs in good earnest when they marry grumblers. A snapping cur of the kind described gets no pleasure out of anything, and he will not let any one else near him have much pleasure either.

The female grumbler is a dreadful being who is usually permeated by a sort of corrupt vanity. She likes sympathy, and she will tell lies in the most proficient manner if she can only get some one to condole with her over her sham wounds and her pinchbeck aspirations.

Her favorite butt is of course her husband; and, if he is a man of moderate means, he is rather to be pitied.

As we have said, the female grumbler is usually untruthful; and she can drive her victim to distraction by playing on the finest and noblest chords of his soul. Perhaps the man is agonizing himself at nights because he cannot get together enough money to please her; it may be that he dreads some failure of his powers. That does not matter; the grumbler begins her whine; and she is most strangely devoid of that reticence about family affairs which marks the thoroughbred lady.

She always puts on the pathetic stop, and she will casually explain, even to a chance visitor, that her husband's poverty or culpable lethargy prevents her from having so much as a decent dress to put on. A lady would shrink with chill horror from such an avowal—the brutality of it, the vulgar meanness, the malice would all revolt a delicate woman; but the grumbler has such a vast vanity that she cannot see when she has committed a social outrage; she wants to be pathetic, and pathetic she will be at any cost.

She will make confidential statements concerning her husband's debts, she will hint of fine matches that she might have made, and she will recur again and again to the subject of her husband's means; for she sees the man shiver with pain, and she enjoys it.

Alas, how wretched the children of men make each other! Sometimes we are strongly inclined to say that a moral cripple should be treated as tenderly as a physical cripple; but, when we see a gentle, striving woman worried out of her wits by a male grumbler, or when we see a struggling gallant fellow stabbed by means of his own nobility by a vulgar whining shrew, we feel inclined to be severe.

The wretch assailed by a female grumbler has no defence. Physical force is forbidden him and his torturer is too dull to understand moral suasion; and so he suffers on until life becomes a dull horror and he loses heart more and more daily.

We have seen prisoners who were for less worthy, morally, of penal servitude than the shrew who murders a good man's soul.

When the body is dead, pain is over; but the slow murder of a soul lasts long, and the victim endures anguish during the process such as cannot be imagined.

May some wretched man or woman who is daily guilty of a cruel wickedness which the law cannot touch take the lesson to heart!

EVERY movement of muscle, whether it accomplishes anything or not, whether voluntary or involuntary, costs an outlay of bodily strength. Every thought also involves an expenditure of strength. Therefore, all thought involving fret, worry, fear, or borrowed trouble, is so much strength unprofitably expended. You may always tell a man or woman whose existence has been a lifelong fret by their care worn, emaciated faces. They are never healthy. Fret kills more people than the cholera. It leaks away strength constantly. At last the weakest organ or function gives way. This we call disease. The doctor comes and gives the disease a Latin name. The disease may attack the heart, liver, lung, or other parts of the body, but the real underlying cause had been at work for years in the patient's mind. It may almost be called automatic mind or body action, or automatic exhaustion.

WEALTH, we are told, is power; talent is power, and knowledge is power. But there is a mightier force in the world than either of these—a power which wealth is not rich enough to purchase, nor genius subtle enough to refute, nor knowledge wise enough to overreach, nor authority imposing enough to silence. They all tremble in its presence. It is truth—the really most potent element of social or individual life. Though tossed upon the billows of popular commotion, or cast into the seven fold furnace of persecution, or trampled into the dust by the iron heel of power, truth is the one indestructible thing in this world that loses in no conflict, suffers from no misusage and abuse, and maintains its vitality and completeness after every assault.

SOCIETY is continually inhaling and exhaling, giving and taking, helping and being helped; and its health and growth depend upon the free and constant operation of both functions. Neither can they be relegated to different classes of people, some doing all the giving and others all the receiving. To starve one side of the nature injures the whole; and, unless both are in constant and happy exercise, the individual is mentally and morally stunted—indeed it will never be known how much more generous giving there would be in the world if there were more cordiality and gratefulness shown in accepting.

TACT is not measured alike to those who have it. Men possess it in different degrees; while others again are wanting in it altogether. It is the outcome of intellectual and of temperamental qualifications, and implies the possession of clear perceptions, quick imagination, and delicate sensibilities. It is these that give the tactful person his subtle intuition of another's mental processes and modes of feeling, and in the same moment exactly the right method of dealing with them.

A LARGE majority of the unfulfilled duties of the world is caused by the practice of delay. Good intentions are abundant—the ability and the will to carry them out are not wanting; but the habit of prompt action has never been required. Persons with this deficiency are wrecked in an emergency.

IT is in the home, if anywhere, that social instincts can be wisely developed and guided, and that the best preparation for social welfare can be made. The very qualities that enable brothers and sisters to live happily together also fit them to live happily with their fellow-men in after life.

TO KNOW others is the only way to know ourselves. To find other men and women better and nobler than we will teach us humility; to find them poorer in worldly goods, harder-natured, more encompassed with difficulties and perplexities, will teach us pitifulness, toleration, forbearance.

IF the every-day life of parents shows that they dread nothing but doing wrong, the fears of their children will take this direction, sooner or later; and their courage will, with more or less delay, become adequate to bear and do anything for conscience sake.

THERE is more dignity in penury, no matter how abject, coupled with independence, than in indolent comfort gained through the grant of a favor. Do not ask for or be too ready to receive a favor.

The World's Happenings.

There were 2308 suicides in London last year.

The price of cremation in Paris has been brought down to 60 cents.

A woman in Augusta, Me., who is in her 70th year, is cutting a new set of teeth.

A Liverpool dentist extracts teeth, cleans them, and restores them to their sockets to do further duty.

Mrs. W. P. Miller, of Buchanan, Mich., has borne 9 children in 7 years, including 4 sets of twins.

A couple in East Livermore, Me., celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary a day or two ago.

C. S. Chapman, of Waterbury, Conn., has a clock which has ticked off the time without stopping since 1788.

A Michigan man with a head for figures estimates that 17,400,000 persons in the United States have had the grip this winter.

Fishermen on the Atlantic coast having suffered from piracy are said to be baiting their lobster pots with deadly torpedoes.

According to a chewing gum manufacturer, the Chicagoans consumed more gum than the inhabitants of any other American city.

Among the marvels at a convention of the American Electric Light Association in Kansas City, a few days ago, was a machine to weigh sunshine.

In a desperate encounter between a large bald eagle and two dogs at Deerwood, Md., for the possession of a piece of fresh beef, the bird came off victorious.

An electric plant (vegetable plant) is said to have been discovered in India, which has the power of affecting the magnetic-needle at a distance of 20 feet.

Willis Barnes, of Charlestown, Ind., has invented a little machine which is operated by clock-work, and marks, automatically, on glass, 50,000 lines on a space of an inch.

The landlord of a public house at Birmingham has a canary bird that can speak several words distinctly, having learned them from a parrot with which it had been brought up.

A cat in Santa Cruz Cal., has become so expert in climbing up the door and raising the latch to get in that the carrying of a big rat does not now interfere with her performing the feat.

An Edgefield, S. C., journal in a recent issue, acknowledged the receipt of a pair of dead chickens that were joined together in somewhat the same manner as the Siamese twins.

In South Carolina, recently, two superstitious colored persons, so it is reported, becoming frightened by the darkness which preceded a storm, sank to the ground and expired almost instantly.

Runaway marriages are so common in Georgia, an exchange reports, that many parents deposit injunctions with the license officials forbidding the issuing of marriage licenses to their children.

A canary in Sanford, Fla., that had not warbled a note for months, recently, to the surprise of its owner, sang for several minutes and was quite lively, and then fell from its perch and died in a few seconds.

At the Opera House in Piacelza, Italy, a tenor was howled down by the official claque at the instigation of the manager. Inadequate receipts induced the manager to resort to this measure as the only way of breaking his contract with the singer.

An English inventor claims to have a system by which coal gas can be compressed into 8 per cent. of its natural bulk, and in that shape carried about and turned into an illuminant at any time by simply turning a stop-cock and lighting the evaporation.

By a mistake of the paying teller in a bank in Atchison, Kansas, a colored man who presented a check for $1 60 received $61.60, with which he proceeded to pay some debts and to purchase a marriage license for his son, whose wedding had been postponed for want of funds.

In the lumber regions of this State a curious expedient has been resorted to for the purpose of getting the logs out of the woods. Hundreds of barrels of crude oil have been sent into the camps, and this fluid poured over the "slides." This was intended to take the place of snow.

The Government of St. Domingo, which claims to have the only original bones of Columbus, is desirous of forwarding them to the United States for use in 1892, provided there be given in return for them $20,000 cash down, and 20 per cent. of the receipts on public exhibition of the same.

The Australian papers speak of a remarkable hailstorm at Brisbane recently. The storm lasted 20 minutes, and the hailstones are described as jagged blocks of ice. One hailstone, picked up at South Brisbane, measured nearly 9 inches by 11 inches, and weighed nearly five ounces.

A Jamestown, Kansas cur caused the death of 50 sheep recently. The sheep were in a long shed with an open door at one end. A strange dog came along and standing in the door barked at the sheep, and they trampled over one another in their fright, and in the morning 40 of them lay dead and 10 died of their injuries.

The following is a 'Personal' from a New York paper: "A distinguished gentleman wishes to make the acquaintance of a lady whose education and family make her possible to enter in an old family of nobility and to go to a great European court. Discretion is affair of honor. Please to write detailedly and to send, if possible, the photograph."

A portable house of paper was recently constructed in Hamburg. The walls consist of double layers of paper, of which the interior one is impregnated against fire and the exterior one against moisture. The paper is fixed in frames, which can easily be attached to each other. The house is intended to serve as a restaurant, and contains a dining room 90 feet long.

THE WAYS OF LIFE.

BY T. CARBERRY.

In the morning of life, from the first dawn of reason,
We're wont to look forward to some coming bliss;
Some joy that's expected in each coming season,
Oft sweetest of all in a fond mother's kiss.

And then farther on when in boyhood progressing
Some coming event will enrapture the mind,
But on its arrival the joys or the blessing
Thus eagerly longed for we seldom can find.

And so on through life we are hourly aiming
At something before us at every stage;
And in such illusions we're thinking or dreaming,
Until the grave closes upon our old age.

Isla: A Mystery.

BY IZA DUFFUS HARDY.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy!"

OF all the truths embodied in Shakspeare's immortal words, this seems to head that strange passage in the life of Hugh Griswold which I am about to relate.

When his engagement was announced, and he brought home his bride-elect to Griswold Grange on her first visit to his family, Chiselwood society was much exercised in its mind on the subject of his betrothal and his betrothed.

"Who is Miss Beresford? What are her people? Where and how did Hugh Griswold pick her up? Does no one know anything about her?"

These questions were repeatedly asked and generally left unanswered. In the select circle of the leading "set" of Chiselwood, daughters abound and sons were scarce—not an uncommon state of things in English society!—and Hugh Griswold might easily have found a bride near home; but he had passed by the many flowers that grew within reach of his hand and gone far afield to make his choice.

And now that he had woed and won and brought home a bride elect from another land, from an unknown social circle, a girl whom none of his own people had ever seen or heard of until he wrote to inform them of his engagement, Chiselwood curiosity naturally ran high.

The Griswolds were not ungraciously reserved on the point of Hugh' choice, nor repellent of his questions delicately insinuated by their good friends and neighbors.

They showed themselves neighborly, and were quite willing to tell all they knew—that he had met Miss Beresford first at Mentone and again in Paris—that she was an orphan, and since her mother's death some years before had had no settled home, but had been living and travelling with various relatives in America and Europe.

This was all the Griswolds had to tell; the sum of information was not generally regarded as at all satisfactory; and the suggestion, mildly put forth by a charitable soul, that the reason so little was known of Miss Beresford was that there was nothing much to be known, was scornfully put aside.

"This is not a girl whose life has been a blank white page. If ever I saw a face with a history, it is Isla Beresford's," asserted Mrs. Hetherington, one of the authorities of the Chiselwood circle, whose opinion was received with respect, as she was accredited with a keen insight into character. "Isla! Her very name is odd and uncommon. I wonder where she got it from?"

"Her father was a professor," said the rector's wife, eagerly contributing her mite of information.

"A professor of what?" demanded Mrs. Hetherington.

"A doctor!" "An antiquary!" "A great scholar!" were amongst the various rumors concerning the deceased professor's career.

"Anyhow," rejoined Mrs. Hetherington, "he's been in his grave for years. She has been "living with relatives!" "Relatives" is very vague. What relatives? I should like to know."

Hugh Griswold could have enlightened these inquiring minds to a limited extent. He might have told them that when he first met and fell in love at first sight with Isla Beresford, she was with Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, her uncle and aunt, and that when they went on their way to Rome she remained in the Riviera with American friends, the Ellisons, with whom later on she returned to Paris; where he met her again.

Beyond this, even her fiance's information could not have gone. The Harcourts and the Ellisons were mere traveling acquaintances of his. All he knew of them was that he found them agreeable, well-bred, well-educated people, above the common level of intelligence.

That they were Miss Beresford's friends and relatives would probably have been enough for Hugh Griswold under any circumstances; in addition to this they were one and all, in their differing styles, people whose manners and appearance constituted a certain claim on social recognition.

As to Isla herself, in his mind she stood alone—to be compared to none and judged by none! Those who observed that he was "perfectly infatuated about the girl," scarcely went beyond the truth. They might equally truly add that on her side as well as on his it was a pure and true love match.

Even his mother was satisfied on that score with her Hugh's choice. She could see—if all the outside world could not—that he was no more deeply in love with Isla Beresford than she with him. They were indeed an ideal pair, perfectly matched and mated in love and beauty and early prime of life.

She was no immature, inexperienced girl. Although probably several years younger than Hugh Griswold, she had left her teens some way behind—exactly how far behind was a question on which opinions differed. Another question to afford pleasing exercise to the Chiselwood mind.

Hugh Griswold was a fine handsome fellow, though of no very uncommon type, tall and strong and fair-haired, with a naturally fair complexion, embrowned by hardy outdoor life and exercise, and honest grey eyes.

While as for Isla Beresford, her lover did not stand alone in his opinion that the two lines in our language which best described his chosen bride were:

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair!"

She was fair with a wonderful clear whiteness, without a tinge of rose, and if the curve of her cheek lacked something of roundness and fulness, her features were as near to perfection as features out of antique marble can be.

The low brow and straight features were almost purely Greek in outline; the beautiful serious lips—their occasional smile all the sweeter for their habitual gravity—had the true Cupid's bow curve. Her hair was of the rarest chestnut hue—waving hair that rippled into ruddy lights and rich russet brown shadows; its ripe warm coloring was just that which Titian delighted in portraying.

Her eyes seemed to change color like the sea; shifting from blue to grey, from light to dark.

They were strange eyes—deep, dreamy and unfathomable—never sparkling, often shining with a steady radiance as if of some inner light—eyes that sometimes seemed to see far more than at which they looked—as if they had a vision of their own; and at other times had a strange, clouded, fixed regard, as if their true light were turned inwards, and "there was no speculation" in their blank gaze.

And then again, when they dwelt on their lover's face, they beamed with a light of exquisite and yet half mournful tenderness; for even when luminous with love and hope, a shadow—was it of memory or foreboding?—brooded always in the depths of those eyes, deep and mysterious as

"Waters stilled at even!"

Yet the impression of melancholy given by her serious lips and her dreamy eyes was counteracted by her manner, always sweet and sympathetic and generally bright.

All the Griswolds felt the charm of her beauty, grace and gentleness; and at first the impression made upon them was altogether favorable.

Still as the days wore on, the women of the family realized, with a vague sense of something unsatisfactory, that they never seemed to get any nearer to Hueh's bride-elect.

She never talked about herself; she was never reminiscent, never expansive, never confidential. Although she was all sweetness and amiability, she moved amongst them like a creature apart from them—coming into contact with them only on the point of their love for Hugh.

There, and there only, they met and touched. Wherever he was concerned, they were one; otherwise, Isla went her way alone.

Sometimes when they were discussing abstract questions—social; theological, ethical—she took no part in the conversation; yet no one could ever suppose that Mrs. Beresford's silence arose from either inability to grapple with any given subject, or phlegmatic indifference to anything that interested the others.

She was seldom or never heard to utter a sentiment that savored of the heterodox; yet on the other hand she never appeared thoroughly in sympathy with orthodox views, albeit she always let them pass without a syllable of dissent, with no more expression on her face than if she had been a waxen image.

She went to church on Sundays—if Hugh proposed to her to drive or walk there with him—as she did everthing he asked her to do; but something in her manner gave the Griswolds the impression that church-going was not at all in Miss Beresford's line—that, had it not been for the sake of Hugh's companionship, she would not have taken a step out of her way to cross the sacred threshold.

Altogether, the opinion within the Griswold Grange presently grew to be much the same as the opinion without—there was something very strange about Isla Beresford.

Still those who knew her best, liked her best—liked her well, notwithstanding the curious vague sense of her aloofness from them—the feeling that she moved among them yet not of them; dwelling apart as it were on an Island of her own, deep waters rolling beneath her soul and theirs.

And Hugh—her lover—he who should have know her best of all, seemed to find nothing wanted in her comm union. But then he was not in the least of an introspective nor analytical turn of mind. He found no lack of sympathy in his betrothed.

When he waxed autobiographical, she was ever eager to listen. When he chanced to be in the mood retrospective, she was always in the mood receptive. Not an anecdote of his boyhood, not a reminiscence of his school-days, ever failed to rouse her interest; and to him, satisfied with her sympathy in his least pleasure or trouble, it did not seem particularly strange that she never indulged in reminiscenses of her own girlhood.

He knew she loved him; he knew her true to him; and that was enough. Perhaps there was even a charm in her reserve—in the consciousness that with her there was always more to know—more to win.

Still now and then, even he felt that there was a sealed chamber in her heart to which he had no key.

Even in the close and sweet intimacy of betrothal, that one door was never unlocked. Even for the man she loved, she never withdrew the veil that shrouded her inmost heart.

He said to her once, when this impression was borne more strongly than ever upon him:

"There is such a strange, sad look in your eyes sometimes, Isla, as if your thoughts were far, far away—in a churchyard."

"Could they be in no worse place?" she rejoined with a faint smile. "Is there nothing worse than death?"

"I hope you have never known any sorrow that is bitterer than such loss, such parting," he said, half interrogatively. "But you have passed through some dark days, dear, I am sure."

"It is the common lot," she replied calmly; "and we are fortunate when we get our troubles over early."

"I hope yours are all over now darling," he said. "They shall be, if mortal power can make your life happy. I will stand between you and every care and trouble that my life can keep off."

"I think you will," she answered softly. "And you can do—you have done—much for me!"

"I wish I could do more," he said earnestly. "I wish I could make you forget—whatever troubles you. Isla—dear love!—won't you—won't you tell me what sorrow it was that still casts a shadow over you?"

"Who said that any sorrow cast a shadow over me?" she said with a coldness of reserve that was unusual in her manner to him.

"Your own eyes, Isla; even your own lips—when they have that faraway, dreamy sad smile."

"I must discipline my eyes and my lips, then, and break them into better training than to convey such fanciful ideas to the least fanciful of people. You are not generally given to flights of imagination Hugh." She smiled and laid her hand carelessly in his.

"True. I am not fanciful," he said. "All the same, I know that your thoughts wander sometimes far back to some past trouble. And I wish I knew, Isla—may I not know?—whether it was that you cared for some one—loved some one that you have—lost?"

"I never cared for anyone as I care for you—never!" she replied, with the unmistakable light of truth and love in her eyes. "I have not questioned you about your past thoughts and feelings, dear," she added, with a faint hint of reproach.

"I don't think," he said meditatively, "there's anything particular in my past that I should wish to conceal from you. You wouldn't expect a man to be a born saint, would you?"

"No," she answered, with a curious half scornful smile.

"And you?" he continued. "My dearest, I am sure that you can have nothing to tell me that it would pain me to hear?"

"I have nothing to tell you at all," she said. "Must every woman have a three-volume novel of her early life to tell? You have your parents, Hugh; I have lost mine. Is that not enough to bring me sad thoughts sometimes?"

"And that is all, my darling?" he exclaimed tenderly and with a little self reproach as well as relief.

"What more would you have?" she answered softly, resting her cheek against his shoulder. "How can there be a story of my life to tell, when my real life only began the day I saw you first? Do you remember how we sat on the terrace and looked out across the Mediterranean?"

Hugh did remember, of course—remember every word she spoke and every look of her dear eyes, that first happy evening, though even his memory of it was less clear and vivid than hers, for she had said no more than the truth, that for her a new life had opened in the dawn of their love. And he questioned her no more.

Her look, her tone, would have satisfied a more suspicious nature than his. She still sorrowed he thought, for her lost parents, from the depths of a heart too living and loyal to forget.

The golden days of the happy summer glided on; the day of the wedding was fixed.

It was to take place in London, from the house of some friends of Miss Beresford's, as she had no relatives in England, and the Harcourts—with whom she had been travelling when Hugh Griswold met her first—were far away, temporarily settled in Palermo.

A few weeks before the wedding, while Isla was still staying at Griswold Grange, it chanced one evening, when two or three guests were dining at the Griswolds, that after dinner some allusion to an anecdote in the day's paper, purporting to be an "Authentic Ghost Story," brought up the subject of visions—the Highlander's "wraith," and the German "doppelganger."

Mrs. Griswold, whose views were always of the positive kind—as the views of people who never waste time thinking are apt to be—pronounced all such beliefs to be "ridiculous superstitions, only fit for the days when people believed in magic and witchcraft.

"Perhaps they were not altogether mistaken," observed one of the guests. "There are some grounds for the theory that we call 'magic' and 'witchcraft' are only lost secrets—the secrets of control over certain forces, of which we, in this enlightened age, have no knowledge—or at least no comprehension."

"What forces do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Griswold with a puzzled look.

"Those belonging to the unseen world,"

"Ah! I don't believe in the supernatural," replied the hostess, feeling the ground firm beneath her feet.

"There is nothing supernatural in these powers," Mr. Mallett rejoined. "They are merely natural powers which to day are but imperfectly, or not at all, understood. Just as the body is a repository of electricity, so the soul is a repository of a more mysterious force. There is no electrical machine more powerfully charged than the human body; but as you do not know the electricity in your hair until you comb it in a frost, so we do not know the power stored in the soul until by study and by will we cultivate our exercise of it. Mind governs matter; and the control of that latent force once learnt, its power is nothing less than terrible."

"A dangerous power to cultivate," remarked another guest.

"I can comb sparks out of my hair in the dark on a cold night," proclaimed Ada, the youngest of the Griswold girls.

"But now come, Mr. Mallatt," said Mrs. Griswold, sticking to her point, "by what possible amount of cultivation and exercise of will could you attain to the power of splitting yourself in two—having your own body here, and a 'double' there! sitting here yourself and sending what they call an 'astral' means—somewhere else?"

"One could better understand a spirit of the departed appearing—returning from the other world," suggested the elder Miss Griswell.

"Yes, like a real, old-fashioned, proper ghost," observed Mr. Mallatt smiling.

"St. Paul tells us, there is a spiritual body and a natural body," began Mr. Mallatt, offering the text in a propitiatory manner.

"Yes, but the spiritual body is the soul, and is only separable from the body at death," rejoined Mrs. Griswold, who was fully convinced that she understood St. Paul's meaning as well as St. Paul himself did.

"Not quelt that," Mr. Mallett ventured to reply in a conciliatory and deprecating tone. "The spiritual or astral body—that is the ethereal duplicate inhabiting the earthly one—has an existence apart from the true soul, as well as from the frame of flesh in which it resides, and of which it is the image. And there is a possible condition—very rare in our race and in our day, not so uncommon in other nations and passages—when vitality recedes to the very innermost centre of being; life is apparently suspended; the body is laid in trance; and the conscious soul is free to animate the astral or spiritual form. And one of the forms of so-called 'magic'—a lost art now, except perhaps amongst some of the Oriental races—is simply the secret of producing this condition of separability of the spiritual from the fleshy body during life."

"Now, Mr. Mallett! I'm sure you don't really believe a word of all that," exclaimed Mrs. Griswold.

Mr. Mallett smiled quietly.

Isla Beresford had not unclosed her lips during this conversation. She had sat silent, motionless, apparently unmoved and indifferent; only her eyes had now and then turned full on Mr. Mallett's face, and dwelt there with a strange absorbed intentness, until she caught some other glance crossing hers, and then she cast down her eyes.

But now Hugh Griswold, who had also been listening to the discussion without taking part in it, turned to her with the inquiry:

"And what do you think, Isla?"

"I have not thought much about it," she replied, with almost weary indifference. Then, as if reproaching herself with the coolness of her reponse to her lover, "I am sure these matters are very interesting," she added, with amiable if somewhat formal courtesy.

"I should have imagined that you would be something even more than merely interested in them, Miss Beresford," remarked Mr. Mallett, fixing an attentive gaze on Isla's face.

"More than interested? Why?" she rejoined quickly and shortly.

"I should have thought that you were yourself gifted with decided psychic powers."

"What a curious fancy," she said, with a chilly and rather scornful smile. "I have not the slightest power—of that kind—over any one."

"But I should say that you should be an excellent medium—highly susceptible to the influence of others."

"Not at all."

"You have never tried the experiment?"

"No, and I have not the slightest intention of ever trying it."

The Griswolds noticed with a shade of annoyance that Isla was showing herself in a less amiable light than usual. They had never before known her so little gracious, so curt and brusque in manner. Mr. Mallett evidently felt, as did they all, that cold water was thrown upon the subject of discussion by the plain discouragement of the bride-elect, who was naturally the queen of the company; and the conversation soon turned into other channels.

Presently the party divided, the elder men going to the billiard-room to smoke, while the younger ones found metal more attractive in the society of the Griswold girls.

The betrothed pair sauntered into the conservatory.

"Fancy old Mallett thinking you'd be a medium, Isla," observed Hugh, lazily amused at the idea, and too obtuse to perceive how unpleasing the suggestion had been to her. "I'm glad you don't take stock in that uncanny kind of thing," he added.

"No, you need not fear my ever putting myself in the way of it."

"There was a fellow down here last season," continued Hugh, "who wanted to try and play off those games on my sister—mesmerizing and that kind of thing—but I put a spoke in his wheel."

"You were quite right," she answered; "one never knows how that kind of thing will end. Look at this fuchsia," she added suddenly, breaking of the subject with unusual abruptness, "is it not lovely and delicate? Like fairy bells."

"Yes, it would look well here," said Hugh, gathering the spray and laying it against the soft creamy folds of her dress. She took the flower and smiled, but absently. They sat down on a crimson cushioned seat, under a palm tree that lifted its coronal of leaves into the dome of the conservatory; and soon it occurred even to Hugh, whose forte was not keenness of perception, that Isla was abstracted, distraite and silent. The fuchsia he had given her, too—he noticed with surprise, and a little vexation that she was absently picking the petals off of it and throwing them down on the ground.

"Pulling the poor flower to pieces?" he remarked a little reproachfully.

"How strong the scent of the flower is in here!" she said, with a kind of nervous irritability, paying no attention to his remark.

"Well, it is rather," he agreed. "Don't you feel well, dear? You are looking pale."

She cast a restless, uneasy glance around.

"The air here!" she said. "There's something in the air!"

"Too close, eh? Let us go out in the garden and get a little fresh breeze," he suggested; "it is quite warm out to-night."

She was silent a moment, still glancing about her with that curious uneasy look; then she rose up quickly, saying:

"Yes; let us go."

They went into the garden accordingly. There was a gentle air stirring soft as a baby's sigh through the trees.

The little dahlias had shut their eyes; the border-flowers, so bright in their rainbow hues by day, were pale and colorless in the pale moonlight; all the garden seemed sleeping in the peaceful hush of the starry silence.

But there was no peace in Isla Beresford's look as she walked by her lover's side.

She seemed nervous, and resorted at a fluttering leaf in the shadow of the shrubbery.

He inquired solicitously if she felt better in the open air; and she replied briefly in the affirmative.

Suddenly she stood still, with a violent shudder, and clung to his arm.

"What is the matter, darling?" he asked.

"No! no!" she exclaimed under her breath, with a sort of horrified cry; and her words seemed not to be in any answer to him. "Not now—not now! Ah!" Hugh threw his arms around her as she gave that last cry—it seemed of defiance and half despair.

"Isla! Isla! what is it?"

There was no answer, her eyes were shut; her hands clinched; she lay rigid and insensible against his breast. He carried her to a low garden seat, which fortunately was near, and placed her upon it.

She gave no sign of life; she did not seem to breath; her head dropped heavily, a dead weight on his shoulder. Taking hold of her hands, he found they were quite cold, and stiffly closed.

Still her heart was beating, though very faintly; that slight pulsation relieved the awful terror which for a moment it had seized him.

He called her aloud—in vain. With difficulty unclosing the clenched fingers, he chafed her cold hands between his own warm ones.

Her terrible stillness and immobility fairly froze his heart. He dared not leave her to fetch help from the house.

With unutterable relief he saw his elder sister and Mr. Mallett coming across the lawn.

"Annie! Annie!" he called. "Come here! quickly. Isla is not well—she has fainted."

They carried Isla into the house and laid her on the sofa, hoping to restore her to consciousness before taking her upstairs to her room.

They employed all the usual restoratives in vain. Mr. Mallett, who knew something of pathology, bent over her and looked at her attentively.

"This is not an ordinary fainting fit," he said. It is more like a sort of cataleptic seizure, or a condition of trance."

Isla remained insensible for more than three hours. At last a shiver ran through her; she moaned and turned upon the sofa; then her eyes opened wide and wandered round with a wild and startled gaze.

"Where am I?" she murmured. "Where—is Hugh?"

He was by her side. In a moment or two she recognized his face, his voice; and with a low cry she threw herself into his arms, and hid her face upon his shoulder, her whole frame trembling like a leaf.

For a little while she could not speak, only clung to him shuddering and moaning low, then she seemed better; they got her upstairs to her room, and Mrs. Griswold was soon able to assure the anxious lover that Isla was quite restored to herself, and would be all right after a night's rest.

The next morning indeed she dressed and came down professedly recovered. She avoided the subject of her ill disposition, and Hugh, thinking that to dwell upon it would only make her nervous, and that to distract and to divert her mind was the best thing, begged his mother and sisters not to talk of it, nor question her about it.

When alone with Hugh she inquired about Mr. Mallett, and being told that he was going back to town that day, remarked that she was glad of it.

"I don't like his way of talking," she added. "He chooses such odd uncomfortable topics—he puts fancies into one's head. I suppose it is that I am a little nervous," she added, with a strained smile.

"Yes, that's it, dear," said Hugh reassuringly. "You were not well all the evening. I could see that," he observed, proud of his own penetration, "But you feel all right now, dear, do you not?"

"Quite—quite right; as well as ever."

But although she kept up a brave endeavor to seem what she declared she was—"quite herself again"—her recovery was evidently not as complete as she professed. The brief illness had had a marked effect upon her.

She was absent-minded and nervous; her brightness was forced; she alternated between fits of brooding silence and feverish attempts at gaiety.

Often her eyes wandered round with a strange, seeking, shrinking glance—one might have said it was a look of apprehension—dread! Yet what could there possibly be that Isla could have to fear?

About a week after her first attack she had a second, and an even more alarming one, as she remained longer insensible.

She was sitting by Hugh's side in the drawing room, where the lovers were enjoying one of their many tete-a-tetes, when he saw with distress and dismay the same change come over her face that he had seen before.

"Hugh!" she cried wildly; "hold me! hold me! don't let me go! save me! and with that cry of anguish she sank back in the same death like swoon and, after they had watched her for several anxious hours, came back to life with the same terrified bewilderment as before, and clinging to Hugh as a drowning woman might cling to her rescuer.

This second attack made all the Griswolds seriously uneasy, although they were ignorant of the most curious feature of Isla's strange ailment—the wild words she uttered to her lover just as she lost consciousness.

He never mentioned these, but they caused him in secret terrible anxiety. What mysterious complaint was this that afflicted his chosen bride? Could it be that his darling Isla's mind was or had ever been at all affected? or was it merely that these strange deep swoons were preceded by a momentary wandering, as her failing senses deserted her? This appeared to him the most natural solution of the question, and he accepted it the most readily that he could not bear to contemplate the other alternative.

The effect of her second attack on Isla was distressing. She looked like the ghost of herself; she seemed possessed of a fever of restlessness, and declared that she could not stay at Griswold Grange; she must get away—must go to London at once. It had been arranged that she was to remain several days longer with the Griswolds, but of course, seeing the strong fancy that possessed her, they forbear to remonstrate with her on her change of plans.

Privately, amongst themselves, they shook their heads. Isla's strange seizures, and the fanciful whims and fitful moods which they discovered in her now, boded ill, they feared, for dear Hugh's domestic happiness.

But Hugh did not allow them to shake their heads over or before him. He resented the slightest approach to the tone compassionate or the tone foreboding, in their allusions to his betrothed, and resolutely concealed his own anxiety.

Isla had fainted twice certainly—well, what was there in that to howl about? Did women ever faint? Had Annie never fainted away? Isla being a delicate "sensitive plant," remained longer insensible—that was all.

She would be all right when she got abroad; change of air and scene would set her up.

He was much encouraged and relieved by a manifest improvement effected in Isla's health and spirits by the desired move to London.

She grew more like her old self; she rapidly recovered her equanimity of manner and her interest in things around her and renewed her former pleasure in all the arrangements for the approaching wedding and the bridal tour.

So all went smoothly; the horizon looked fair and cloudless once more; and Hugh was beginning to forget his fears, when one day they were painfully revived on his usual daily visit to the Frasers—Isla's friends, with whom she was staying, and from whose house the wedding was to take place.

Mrs. Fraser received him with a less cheery smile than usual. She was sorry to say dear Isla was not at all well; she had given them a fright by fainting away and lying just like death for hours; she had come to herself sobbing and shivering, and had seemed very poorly ever since.

Although he had seen Isla looking very ill before, her appearance dismayed and alarmed him when he saw her now.

He tried in vain to sooth her feverish nervousness, which was more distressing than ever.

"I can't get away from it," she said abruptly, in broken, breathless accents, twisting her hands together. "I thought it was something in the air at Griswold Grange, that when I got out of that atmosphere I should leave it behind; but here—here too!"

"Perhaps the air did not suit you at the Grange; and London disagrees with many people," he suggested. "You will be better when we get abroad. See how well and strong you used to be at Mentone—and in Paris too! You will feel well again when we are abroad."

Isla made no answer, but sat staring straight before her with that strained fixed look—which seemed half of terror—in her eyes, her hands clasping and unclasping themselves restlessly.

Hugh Griswold, seriously uneasy, called in a celebrated physician, who wrote a prescription and said that the young lady was in a very nervous and debilitated condition; but he did not recommend a postponement of the marriage, as nothing was likely to be so beneficial to her as complete change of air, scene and climate.

It happened the next day that Hugh met by chance with Mr. Mallett, and, remembering that he had been present on the occasion of Isla's first seizure, he told him of her later attacks, and of his serious anxiety on her behalf.

Mr. Mallett expressed much kindly sympathy and interest, and Hugh, thinking he might possibly give some advice in the matter, took him to the Frasers to see Isla; but she, although she consented to come into the drawing-room and see Mr. Mallett, would scarcely talk to him at all, and studiously avoided all approach to the subject of her malady.

Hugh, however, had a conversation with him afterwards, in which Mr. Mallett observed:

"These attacks, their effect on her, and her reserve about them are very singular. I do not think that doctors will be likely to do her much good. They may prescribe sedatives for her nerves, and tonics to set up her strength; but I fear they will not touch the root of her complaint."

"You do not think that—that her mind is affected?" said Hugh, putting his worst fear into words for the first time.

"I see no grounds for anxiety about her reason—no cause to doubt her perfect sanity; but these symptoms indicate more mental than bodily disturbance. Hers are no ordinary seizures" he added very gravely. "I should not be surprised if they proved to belong to that unexplored border-land which our science has not penetrated, which it regards as a mere shadow-land, though there are terrible realities hidden in its darkness. Mrs. Beresford's eyes have a look I have seen before, and I have never seen it except in those who have passed through strange experiences, such as the world in general would pronounce to be incredible. I do not doubt Mrs. Beresford's sanity; but might doubt mine," he added, smiling a peculiar smile, "if I were to tell you some stories which these strange trances of hers recall to my mind. I think it probable she has some secret anxiety or trouble; if she would consent to speak of it, it might relieve her. Get her to confide to you, Griswold if you can."

Hugh understood this advice, and thought it sound and sensible, which was more than he could have said for the expression preceding it.

What his Isla's fainting fits could have to do with an unexplored shadow-land he could not imagine.

He did think it possible that something beside and beyond mere physical indisposition might be weighing upon her mind, and he spoke to her tenderly, begging her not to injure her health by brooding in secret over any thought that troubled her, but to confide to him, to whom her welfare and happines were dearer than his own.

"I hate the idea of seeming to push myself into your confidence, as you do not take me into it freely and of your own accord," he said; but, Isla, it is hard on me to see you suffer, and feel myself shut out in the cold, unable to help or comfort you."

"Dearest, you are all the comfort—all the hope I have in life!" she answered, melting into passionate tenderness. "Shut out in the cold!—you, my darling? Look Hugh, because I love you more than I ever thought I could love, I will tell you now more than I ever told any living soul; but you must ask me no more than this. Once"—she paused, and continued brokenly, with an effort—"I felt under an influence, from which I hoped that love—our love—had set me free. I hoped, believed, it was gone—gone—the last of it; that its shadow would never come back on me again. But of late—sometimes—it has come back! It has found me out!" She shivered as if with cold. "Hugh, pity me, be patient with me; but understand you must not ask me more! I have suffered enough—I cannot bear it!"

"I see—I see, my poor girl," he said gravely and gently. He did not reproach with her implied assurance on a former occasion that the sense of orphanhood, the recollection of her lost parents only caused her moods of melancholy. He had now a new theory, and this time he was convinced it was the right one. Isla had in her past some strangely-sad experience, which she had felt too deeply ever to talk of—some tragic love story, the influence of which had affected her health and spirits.

He did not like the idea; he found it especially hard to reconcile himself to her secrecy and reticence in the matter. But he could not doubt, her affection for him.

Whomsoever she might have loved before she loved him, and him only, now; and he was of too healthy a tone of mind to allow himself to chafe and fret in an unreasonable jealousy of the past.

He hoped she would live down these morbid fits of memory and brooding, and she, seeming relieved and the better for her approach to confidence in him, encouraged his hopes by assurance that she would do better when they got abroad; the doctor was right—change was what she needed. When they were away abroad—they two together alone—united in one interest, one life, with none to come between them for ever more, she would grow out of these attacks—leave them behind. The dream of them coming to life together seemed as sweet a prospect to her as to him.

She grew eager, almost feverish, in her confident hopes, as if she needed assurance herself, and sought, in the face of secret doubts and fears, to force herself to look sanguinely to the future.

And the days passed, and Hugh watched her anxiously; but there was no recurrence of the attacks which had alarmed him.

The wedding-day came, and no more beautiful bride was ever seen than Isla Beresford though she was pale as marble. Her eyes shone like great bright stars; she stood up before the altar like a statue; she was in truth wound up to too high a strain of nerve-tension for any ordinary sign of nervousness.

And the solemn service proceeded; no voice proclaimed "just cause or impediment," and Hugh Griswold and Isla Beresford were made man and wife.

They went away on their honeymoon, and were happy. As Hugh had hoped, the entire change of scene and life worked a wonderful improvement in Isla.

His tender care surrounding her, his love filling her life so that it seemed no room left for brooding on the past, her spirits revived; her beauty brightened for a

tl ne almost to its old bloom.

Hugh's sanguine spirits rose;in his hope mood, he was blind to the trifling signs which showed that his bride, though better, was not thoroughly recovered; and he wrote home joyously that Isla was her "own bright, sweet self again."

They went back to Mentone, where they had first met; they revisited all the scenes of their early acquaintance, recalled all the sweet associations of their dawning love; then, as Hugh thought it too warm and enervating in the south at that season for his cherished wife, they made their way, by pleasant stages, to Paris; and, after a few days there, found a charming, home-like retreat in the beautiful forest of Fontaine bleau.

They both took more pleasure in woodland scenes than in city streets, enjoyed a dew-drenched moonlit glade far better than its counterpart on the stage, and they were never weary of drives and walks about the forest by sun and moon and starlight.

One day they took an unusually long walk. Isla looked pale, and seemed tired and nervous in the evening.

Hugh feared he had overtaxed her strength by letting her walk so far, and they retired to rest somewhat early. Isla was not too fatigued to sleep; Hugh heard her soft regular breathing before he himself fell into the sound wholesome slumber usual to him.

He was seldom troubled by bad dreams; but this night he had a horrible dream; it seemed that some one was grasping him by the throat and strangling him. He started from sleep with the same sensation of choking he had felt in his dream which no doubt had been the cause of the dream.

He could not breath; he felt a weight upon his breast, a pressure on his throat;he struggled to rise, but it seemed that some invisible power was holding him down and suffocating him.

He heard Isla's cry of horror, saw her leaning over him with her arms outstretched, as if to defend him from—to thrust away—some unseen assailant.

"No, no! I will not come!" she cried wildly; "but you cannot--you dare not—do it! Let him go! Loose your hold, I say! You have no power over him! Who gave you right over his life? Ah, stop!" she shrieked; "you are killing him, Stop! Let him live, and I will come!"

With a low moan she sank back insensible; and in the same moment he felt with sudden relief the stifling pressure removed he could draw his breath again, but the sense of his own physical relief was swallowed up in anxiety about Isla, as he saw that she had fallen back in one of her trances.

There she lay, like death, except for the faint and all but imperceptible pulsation of her heart. Hugh had never before been alone with her without help during those deadly swoons; and, after spending some time in vain endeavors to restore her to consciousness by all the usual means, he became seriously alarmed; and called up the mistress of the house, who graciously forgave him for disturbing her rest, was full of valuable kindness and sympathy, but could do no more than he had done in van.

At daylight they sent for a doctor; but before the doctor arrived Isla opened her eyes, and looked round with even more violent agitation than usually attended her return to life.

She sprang up from the pillow with a wild cry, and flung her arms round her husband, clinging to him, shuddering, and uttering wailing, and sobbing cries of inarticulate anguish.

In his distress for her sake, as he gradually soothed her into calm, he forgot his own strange attack immediately preceding hers.

But presently, when she was better, and doctor and landlady had cheered him with kindly assurances—more well-meant than confident.—that madame would soon be herself again, he made some casual allusion to his curious sensations.

"It wasn't like nightmare," he said, being much perplexed. "I never had anything of the kind before, but I have a cousin who used to have the asthma—spasmodic asthma I think they call it—and it used to seize him and choke him all of a sudden—just how I felt. I suppose I've got a touch of my cousin's complaint. I'm afraid I started you, Isla, dear?"

She clasped him round the neck and hid her face on his breast; she was shivering like a leaf.

"Oh!" she moaned, 'oh, my darling, my Hugh! Oh, I was frightened—frightened!"

Her agitation suggested to him the idea that her distress at the sight of his suffering had brought on a fainting-fit.

"Poor darling! she is so sympathetic—so loving. It was her anxiety about me," he thought. And he immediately proceeded to make light of his recent seizure, and did all he could in his blunt masculine way to cheer her up. He racked his brain for humorous anecdotes to relate to her, and forced an air of high spirits as if life on the whole was a capital joke. But his fictitious gaiety did not delude her; she received his well-meant endeavors with a mournful, loving smile—tenderly grateful, unutterably sad.

She was in a terrible state of nervous depression. The slightest sudden sound of movement made her start and shudder. She would cast a furtive glance round, as though she feared to see some terrible sight.

She would sit silent, staring before her with wide opened eyes, fixed as though upon some dreaded shadow drawing nearer, nearer.

At night sleep never visited her weary eyelids; she lay in feverish restlessness through all the dark hours.

She clung to her husband with passionate tenderness, in which there seemed to be an element of dread and foreboding. An expression as if of apprehension was stamped upon her beautiful pale face; sometimes those lovely features looked frozen with unspeakable terror.

What could she have to fear? She,loving and beloved, and guarded by her husband a care? Anxiety gradually grew to fear and foreboding in his heart too as she did not rally, and nothing seemed to sooth her painful nervousness and restlessness. He watched her with unfailing tenderness and patience, but he had not long to watch.

Only two or three nights after his curious attack exactly the same thing occurred. Again he woke up struggling for breath, as if an iron hand were grasping his throat; again he found Isla leaning over him with wild and broken utterances of terror and anguish.

"No, no! I will not come, I say! Never—never again! You dare not—you cannot! Are not the Powers of Light stronger than the Powers of Darkness? Oh, all Powers of Good—oh, God!" she cried, "help—help me! save him!"

Hugh heard no more. There was a rushing noise in his ears; flashes of light blazed before his eyes; his senses reeled; consciousness failed him; it seemed to him that it was the agony of death in which he fell back insensible. But it was not death. After a while consciousness returned; he came to himself again, and to find Isla wildly clasping and calling on him—sobbing, with dreadful tearless sobs, in passionate relief, when he found his voice and spoke to her in reassuring tones.

But after this second seizure, although he soon completely rallied physically, Hugh felt strangely disturbed in mind. Even when the daylight came—the fresh morning sunshine which generally chases away the vague shadows and apprehensions of the night—it brought little or no relief to him or Isla.

He had an uncomfortable, formless misgiving—so vague he could not have put it into words. He felt that something was wrong which he did not and could not understand—something strangely wrong with Isla, his precious wife, whose speechless misery and pallid looks of terror were pitiful to see. She sat in stricken silence, now and then giving a little moaning, shivering sigh and locking her hands together.

"Dear Isla," he said tenderly, "don't sit so silent and brooding; try to cheer up, for my sake."

"For your sake!" she echoed in trembling tones. "If I must speak, what can I say? Twice I have saved you, but, oh! by how narrow a chance! He will come again—again," she muttered, with a look of wild, half-frenzied apprehension. "I have yielded myself over too much to the Evil Powers to claim protection from the Good! I cannot pray; I cannot keep him off! He will come again—and the third time *he will kill you!*' She spoke these last words with terrible calm, sitting up erect and gazing straight before her with a glassy stare of horror in her wide-open eyes.

"Isla, dearest! what dreadful delusion is preying upon your mind?"

"Delusion?" she repeated with a smile more ghastly than a groan. "Hugh—where do you suppose I am when my body lies in those trances in which you have seen me? Where—where am I?" she demanded with an intensity of passion that stilled itself, as the "white squall" sweeps the waves level—lays them flat in seething calm.

"You are unconscious, in deep sleep, darling," he said; "perhaps you have strange dreams, but try not to think of them now."

"Will it be a dream," she rejoined bitterly, "when he has killed you? When I lie in that sleep, as you call it, I am not here—not here! I am away, far away, with one"—she set her teeth and shuddered—"one to whom years ago I have gave my soul into slavery. I thought I had freed myself—I hoped our love had broken the spell. But I am too deeply enslaved. He follows me—he can call me still! He will murder you because I disobey his summons. There, now you know it all!"

"My poor girl, my poor darling," he said with tenderest pity, as for the victim of melancholy delusions.

"I have told you all," she rejoined, sinking back in her chair with the kind of death-like apathy that generally succeeded to her outbursts of agitation; "I have broken the compact. I have betrayed the secret. Now he will have his revenge soon—very soon!"

Hugh was pale with deep distress. His vague misgivings had taken shape in a tangible and terrible conviction. He had no doubt now that his wife was a prey to the fancies of a disordered brain—that these were the dreadful hallucinations of insanity.

"Your nerves are terribly upset, my Isla," he said soothingly. "Look here, dear; I've heard of a celebrated physician in Paris, whose speciality is the treatment of the nerves. I will send for him, dear, and he will be able to do you good and help you to clear away these distressing fancies."

"Do you think he would do me any good?" she asked, looking down intently at her own clasped hands.

"Yes, I am sure of it, darling," he said, pleased at her seeming so amenable to reason. "I will telegraph to him at once."

She was silent and thoughtful for a moment or two, then replied:

"No, don't send for him, dear. I won't see any doctor unless you go to him first—go yourself, and explain to him—all about me; tell him my—my symptoms," she added with a faint ghost of a smile; "tell him yourself before he sees me."

Hugh unsuspiciously accepted this desire of hers in all simplicity. It did not seem to him a very unnatural fancy that she did not wish to see the doctor until her case had been explained to him.

He immediately looked at the time-table, and prepared to take the next train to Paris. Isla embraced him long and tenderly when he left her, clinging to him as if she could not bear to part from him even for a few hours.

Still she urged him to go, and he thought she seemed much calmer and quieter; he was sanguine enough to hope that the encouraging prospects of recovery which he had put before her had had some beneficial effect.

That Isla's brain was permanently diseased was a thought too terrible for him to harbor. He cherished the hope that her malady was curable and temporary one. The celebrated physician, whose speciality was brain-disease in all its varied forms, after listening with considerable interest to his description of his wife's case, expressed hopes of being able to treat it successfully, and made an appointment to call the following morning.

Hugh Griswold returned to Fontainebleau hopeful; but as he re-entered the house he had left but a few hours before, the garcon met him with a grave face. He saw in the background the chambermaid sobbing the easy sobs of her kind,the landlady coming forward also in tears.

He stood still as though a shot had struck him to the heart, and knew the worst before they told it to him.

An hour or two after his departure, they had found Isla stretched on the floor,dead—a little phial so tightly clasped in her stiffening hand, they could scarcely disengage it from her locked fingers.

A letter directed to her husband lay on the table—only a few hasty blurred and blotted lines.

"Dearest, forgive me! This is the only thing left for me to do to save you and myself—to save your life and mine—dare I say "soul?" Have I a soul to save? There is no escape for me except the way I am going now. The power that has devoured my youth and wrecked my love and my life, cannot follow me there. It cannot reach you except through me. If I had dreamt it ever could touch you, I never would have linked my ruined life with yours. But I never thought of the possibility of our union bringing you too within reach of the spell. And had we loved each other less, dear—been less united—this could not have been. It was the very completeness of our union that brought you too into the circle of his power. Forgive me—forgive me! and good-bye! May all good and pure and holy influences—which I have lost the right to invoke for myself—be with you—bless and guard you always.

"Do not grieve for me. I am not unhappy now! I have loved you well and I am dying for your sake. Your own

"Isla."

* * * * * * *

All his family and friends know the tragedy of Hugh Griswold's life—the reason why his hair was streaked with grey while he was in the early full prime of life—that his wife, in an access of insanity, committed suicide while on her bridal tour.

None, save Mr. Mallett, know of the curious incidents preceding her death—the wild words she spoke to her husband the last hour he saw her in life—the contents of the farewell letter she left.

Mr. Mallett has his own theory—a fantastic and impossible one it seems to Hugh Griswold when he thinks of it in the broad daylight. Yet sometimes in the dark lonely watches of the night, when the memory of his lost love possesses him, and he recalls his strange experiences(which have never since recurred), and her strange explanation of them—even he, practical and matter-of-fact as he still is, wonders was it her delusion, her madness? or is there a terrible truth in Mr. Mallett's solution of the tragic mystery of Isla's life and death.

THIEVING IN CHINA.—According to a Chinese story a miser had three son-in-laws; one was a tailor, another a jeweler, and the third a spendthrift, who did nothing at all. One day the miser called his third son-in law and said to him:

"See here! Your two brother-in-laws are thrifty men, and are gradually adding to the family fortune; the tailor,by cabbaging a little of his customers cloth now and then, you know—bless you, they don't know it!—and the jeweler by—well, by debasing the jewelry just a little, don't you see. But you! exclaimed the miser, "what do you do?"

"Father-in-law," said the ne'er-do-well, "You say well. Give me a crow bar; I will go out, and, watching my chance, I will break in merchants' doors,open their tills; and bring you back thousands of pieces of silver where my brother in-law brings you only paltry coins."

"What! How?" exclaimed the miser, in terrible anger; "can it be possible that you would actually be a thief?"

CITY COUSIN—"How's your father James?" Country Cousin—"Father isn't very well."—City Cousin—"He must be getting along in years?" Country Cousin—"Only eighty nine last spring." City Cousin—"What seems to be the matter with him?" Country Cousin—"Can't just say; I guess farming's beginning to tell on him."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

At Sandringham, according to a London correspondent, the Prince of Wales has long instituted a pleasing custom of weighing both the coming and the parting guests. At the first convenient opportunity, after being shown to his bedroom, the guests is weighed, the entry made in a book, and he is weighed again on the morning of his departure. The book in which the record is kept is a bulky volume, perhaps one of the most interesting collections of autographs in the world. Among other signatures is that of "Salisbury," with the portentous announcement following that on his last visit to Sandringham the Premier weighed over 252 pounds.

A story is told in the Atlanta *Journal* of a young man in Milledgeville who has a sharp appetite. "At the military baser there a few nights since the amount he ate made his friends uneasy. Finally he retired from the table, and it was not long before he was quietly sleeping in a corner. He was soon, however, seen to move slowly,in a mechanical sort of way, back to where the perfume of the barbecue settled in the atmosphere. The watchers saw this with amazement and again began to warn him; but unheeding their call, he continued to stow away the good things. The watchers then shook him by the shoulder and found he was sound asleep."

The common phrase in reference to being in any one's "black books" has it origin as far back as the time of Henry VIII. Visitors were sent to monasteries during his reign to find proofs of any irregularities sufficient to justify their suppression, and the confiscation of the estates and money belonging to them. Entries were made in the books carried by these officials, which appear to have been designated "black books," because the facts or fictions therein recorded were designed to blacken the characters of the administrators of the monks and their superiors. It may also be that the books themselves had black covers, as some have said.

An extraordinary attempt at suicide has been made in Paris. A shoemaker, described as a decent, industrious man, having fallen into misfortunes, and suffering from extreme poverty, decided to take his own life and end the struggle. He took a knife used in his trade and commenced to stab himself in the arms and legs, it is supposed with the idea of opening one of the chief veins, but finding that the end did not come quickly he continued, with a sort of fury, and had just rolled upon the floor exhausted, when a brother, who had been apprehensive of his state, appeared on the scene. The wounded man was conveyed to a hospital, where it was found that he had inflicted on himself two hundred distinct wounds.

An interesting relic of the Rebellion is on exhibition in the store of a shoe dealer in Church street, New York. It is a shoe weighing two pounds,one of a pair worn by a Confederate colonel at the battle of John's Island, S. C. After his capture he exchanged shoes with a private of the 156th New York. The latter wore them for a while and took them to Kingston, N. Y., in 1864. The shoe is of rude construction, having rawhide uppers with a hardwood sole half an inch thick, covered at the edges with a strip of wrought iron half an inch wide. Seven iron rivets fasten the sole and uppers together. The heel is of wood and covered with a heavy iron plate shaped like a horseshoe. This shoe was made in England for the use of the Confederate Army, and is similar to those worn by miners there.

The workmen engaged in laying the foundation of the addition to the Court House in Minneapolis, a few days ago made a strange find. Out of one of the old sewer pipes one of them plucked a diamond ring. It was immediately recognized as a ring that one of the young ladies in the Register's office had lost three years before, and it was returned to her. There is a story attached to the ring. It seems that when the ring was lost and was supposed to have fallen to the floor there was another young lady present. She was accused of having taken the ring. Nothing she could say could dispel the suspicion. She was snubbed and avoided by every one. Finally she resigned her position at the Court House. After resting under this unjust suspicion for three years, this ring brings with it the proof of her innocence.

A London exchange contains this paragraph: "There has arrived from Alexandria at Liverpool, by the steamer Pharos, a consignment of nearly 20 tons of cats, numbering some 180 000, taken out of an ancient subterranean cats cemetery, discovered about 100 miles from Cairo by an Egyptian fellah. He accidentally fell into the cemetery, and found it completely filled with cats, every one of which had been separately embalmed and dressed in cloth after the manner of Egyptian mummies, and all laid out in rows. Specimens of these have been taken by Mr. Moore, curator of the Liverpool Museum, where they can be seen. In ancient times the Egyptian cat was buried with all honors, but these consigned to Messrs. Lovington & Co., of Liverpool, after being purchased in Egypt at $18 60 per ton, will be used in this country for fertilizing purposes."

Action and reaction in family or individual is along the lines of character.

Our Young Folks.

MY LORD ROOK.

BY S. M. CRAWLEY.

THE lanes and alleys of Cawtown were green with the flush of budding leaves, for spring having come, it woke everything to fresh life. Primroses smiled at the sunbeams from hedgerow and meadow, and hyacinths gave their sweet incense to the breeze that he might carry it to heaven, whence came every boon bestowed upon wild flowers.

Birds too were calling from hill-top and field because all were busy and happy, and soon must secure a mate for the coming summer. Among the busiest were the people of Cawtown, who came every spring to repair their ruined houses and hold council over the building of new ones. They were curious bodies, wearing black uniforms, and having laws of their own that none dared break under pain of expulsion. Generations ago the colony had settled in a couple of elms close to the church tower.

It was strange that my lords Rook, powerful and respected as they were by all the feathered tribe for miles, allowed some vulgar little sparrows to lodge in part of Cawtown. These sparrows built there for protection from enemies, especially Jackdaw, Rook's cousin; knowing that under the shadow of the loud-voiced owners of the place no thieves dared venture for stealing eggs or destroying property.

Now the sharp-witted ladies were given to spite and gossip after the manner of many small people, the evil of both of which will be shown hereafter, that they may be avoided by all who read this story. Instead of being satisfied with Rook's indulgence and their own prosperity, the sparrows found fault with their neighbors' concerns, for they were talkative by nature, and when tongues wag freely they are apt to slip.

"Just fancy, my dear," said Bright-eye to Flip-tail, one evening, "those Martins have come back, and instead of making new nests are patching up the old ones!"

"Ah! I saw them on my way home," cried Flip-tail, not liking to be behindhand with news. "Did you notice they were using mud only? So low, so disgraceful I call it for folk who profess themselves too delicate to live in England through the winter. Why cannot they use hay, leaves, twigs, feathers, proper materials like ourselves, if they must patch up their hovels?"

"Suppose we refer the matter to my lords up yonder," suggested a third, who was more timid, though as spiteful as the others.

"Now then," called a voice from above, "what are you chattering about down there? Hold your tongues, for you're disturbing your betters."

"Please, my lord," said Bright-eye, in humble tones, "we were talking about the Martins, who have returned from abroad, and instead of setting up new houses are mending the old ones with mud."

"It does not please me," was the tart reply; "and we allow no tale-telling here. The Martins are old-fashioned, like ourselves, and nobody has any business to grumble at what they do. Go to sleep, the sun has set, and the nights are shortening."

It was seldom the sparrows had such a sharp rebuke, and they loved the Martins no better for being indirectly its cause.

After a little murmuring beaks were tucked under wings, silence fell on the dwellers in Cawtown, and a dusky curtain spread over the colors of the spring day, wooing all things to rest. But no sooner were the rosy fingers of the dawn laid on the eastern sky than away flew the sparrow ladies in a frolicsome group, intent on getting safely beyond earshot of the rooks, to renew their grumble about the Martins.

"I tell you what," exclaimed a young bird, fluttering in much excitement after some talk with his friends; "it's a shame these people should be allowed to make such miserable dwelling-places. Let's watch when Madam Martin goes to dinner, and pull her house down. No one will know, and we will suggest that Jackdaw or Magpie did it. Everyone knows their character for mischief."

"Bravo!" cried Fleet-foot.

"Bravo!" echoed Bright-eye; "a brilliant notion! We owe those Martins a grudge for our scolding. They're stuck up things, too, who deserve to be brought down a little."

The conspirators separated, agreeing to meet later in a corner near the out-house, under the eaves of which the unsuspecting dame had repaired her nest. Here Madam Martin rejoiced over some newly-laid eggs, for in them was the promise of much happiness, besides new duties which could only bring pride and pleasure in their performance. So the mother bird went her way thinking life was a beautiful thing, a thing to be enjoyed with much gratitude, even if this did not always find expression in song.

When the sun was high Madam Martin began to feel hungry, and thought it might be well to stretch her limbs by searching for a few flies. At the same time she lingered, feeling uneasy at the sight of several sparrows who hovered about; but presently they disappeared, and then with a sigh of relief the dame flew off, fearing nothing.

No sooner had she gone than the four plotters came swiftly from their hiding-place, and in no time beaks and claws had done their cruel work, for broken eggs, with fragments of nest, lay scattered on the ground.

"Some one has pulled down Mrs. Martin's house," said Fleet-foot to Fly-catcher, as he skimmed across a field on his way to the wood, "most likely it is Magpie's doing."

"Magpie has destroyed poor Mrs. Martin's new house, and broken her eggs," repeated Fly-catcher, meeting Nut-hatch.

"What a shame," exclaimed Nut-hatch. "I must tell Starling; he is a big fellow, and will appeal to Lord Rook for justice."

Thus the tale was set afloat, and grew with each repetition till little truth remained when it reached Cawtown. The dwellers there were hotly indignant, and sent heralds to proclaim a trial, at which all were invited to be present to hear what plaintiff and defendant said.

It happened that the spiteful sparrows had been overseen from an apple tree, where a wren stood at the time of the disaster. She noticed that her presence was unperceived; and pulling out her little breast with righteous anger Jenny Wren waited till the victim returned from her hasty meal. Her heartrending cries of distress, as she fluttered over the remains of all she held dearest, forced the listener to leave her concealment and offer sympathy.

"Be comforted," whispered she. "That is a sad trouble, and the evil-doers flatter themselves none saw, none can bring them to justice. This, however, you shall have, though nothing can restore home and children. Go to the Rooks, but say nothing of me. They are good people, and you know they can redress the wrongs of their less powerful neighbors. All causes are judged in Cawtown—yours will be no exception to the rule."

In a day or two birds of all kinds were winging their way to the elms. Woodpeckers, gorgeous in green and yellow, jays, with blue dashes on their wings; orange-beaked, brown coated starlings, nut-hatches, speckled thrushes, a sprinkling of tree-creepers, butcher birds, and tits, besides plenty of sparrows; larks and peewits were absent, for they loved the open country, and were not curious about their neighbor's affairs.

"Now," said the Rook, who had been appointed judge, "I think there need be no delay. Magpie, what have you to say in answer to the accusation?"

Magpie, a sleek-looking fellow in black and white, on being addressed, hopped forward, his head on one side, with a comical look of injured innocence. "Please, my lord," answered he, "I not only plead innocence, but ignorance of this crime, for I was busy nest-building, and spoke to several friends, who can testify to the fact. May I suggest that your lordship's own cousin Jackdaw is more likely to be the evil-doer?"

The judge frowned. "You may be clear of this, sir; that, however, is no reason for fixing guilt on another, probably as little to blame as yourself. I will examine further."

So witnesses were called, and Magpie was acquitted. Things looked black for Jackdaw, and the real criminals rejoiced at their freedom from suspicion.

They rejoiced too soon, for suddenly there was a bustle in the court, a herald cry that there was a new witness arrived, and all craned their necks to see who it was.

There was some disappointment at sight of a wren, who perched in front of Lord Rook, and, before telling what he knew, requested that certain sparrows who clustered behind should be brought to the front, guarded by police. Several starlings had undertaken this office, and the sparrows dared not defy the size and sharp beaks of their escorts.

"At last!" cried Jenny Wren, in clear tones heard by all in the hush that followed, "it is time for me to fix blame on the right heads; I alone saw the whole cruelty from an apple tree, and saw the sorrow of the victim, who neither did nor thought spiteful of anyone. Behold the culprits, my lord; do with them as it seems best to you."

The sparrows hung their heads and trembled, seeing that their guilt was known: and now everyone had something to say, helping to fix Jenny Wren's accusation more firmly. The sparrows were noted for gossip, spite, greediness, lack of truth, and before long it only remained for the judge to pronounce the sentence. This was a terrible one, for henceforth the sparrows were forbidden to build near Cawtown; besides which Magpie and Jackdaw were given leave to treat the prisoners as they had treated Mrs. Martin, and you may be sure that they did not need bidding twice.

Amidst loud lamentations from the criminals, the bigger birds carried off eggs, and even some of the helpless young ones, to feed their own, after which the nests were ruthlessly destroyed, while the rooks looked on and cawed approval.

"Tale-telling and back-biting are the parents of nearly every bad thing under the sun," said his lordship solemnly. "Take warning all of you who see and hear, and avoid them for the future."

LOST IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY MRS. DAVID KER.

"JUST look at that stall! It is cram full of Turkish delight!"

"Yes, the real, original "lumps of delight" that are never seen out of Constantinople!"

"Oh, we must stop and buy some, for Tom would never forgive us if we did not bring him home a whole lot. He doesn't care one bit for all our grand descriptions of Seraglio Point, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Golden Horn, and all that; but he'll relish such a taste of our travels as this ever so much."

"We must ask father to wait for us."

"Don't let's trouble about that, for we shall only be a minute. He has caught a glimpse of the Mercury at anchor in the bay, and will stand hours and hours gazing at his beloved little yacht."

But buying anything in a foreign country is not quite such an easy matter as the children thought.

Signs being the only language they could use, it took the stall-keeper a long time to understand how much Turkish delight they wanted, what kind it was to be, and in what boxes he should pack it. And then it was quite a long time before he could make them understand how many piastres (five cents our money) they had to pay, so that when the children looked around their father was gone!

They really had reason to be (as they were) terribly frightened. Coming straight from England with their father in his yacht, they had never before been in a foreign city, and now they found themselves utterly alone in the crowded, noisy, narrow, filthy, and irregular streets of Constantinople, the home of every form of wickedness and misery.

"Little misses lost the gentleman," said a man in broken English, suddenly appearing right in front of them. He was dressed in white, with a red fez cap. Right across his forehead ran an ugly scar, and his half-closed eyes had the half-cunning, half-ferocious glance of a wild beast. "You come wid me; I find him for you."

"Don't look frightened, May, for pity's sake!" whispered her sister. "Our only chance is to be very brave."

"Oh, yes, I know, but why did we ever let go of papa's hand?"

"What we have got to do is to find him," said Isabel firmly; "but we mustn't let people see we are looking for him. That awful man! he looks like a Greek. How can we get rid of him?"

In vain did they walk slowly to let him pass them, or stop to look at stalls; he persisted in following them closely, saying every few seconds—

"I tell misses where to buy pretty jewelry for next to nothing."

They got so desperate at last that, whenever he was a little ahead, they would dodge into a by-street and run as if for their lives; but in a few seconds they would meet him again slowly walking towards them from another turning, and smiling maliciously, as if to say, "It's no good; you can't get rid of me."

In their terror they often stumbled up against some lame or sore-backed dog, and were frightened out of their wits by its angry snarl.

They now saw nothing of all the amusing sights which had so delighted them when with their father. The Turkish women, with their faces swathed in thick muslin veils, and their legs exposed nearly as far as the knee, now passed unheeded; nor did they even glance at the hamals (porters) toiling up the steep, breakneck streets with saddles on their backs like mules, and bowed down by the weight of half a dozen trunks, a wardrobe or so, a chest of drawers, and such-like trifles.

The poor children little knew that they were fast getting deeper and deeper into the very foulest part of the whole city. The streets were becoming filthier, narrower, noisier and more irregular every moment; and now, at every turn, they were assailed by the most loathsome-looking beggars, who even touched them with their grimy hands. Dogs were set at them, and bit pieces out of their clothes, and even stones and dirt were thrown at them from the windows.

The poor girls were so faint from the heat, the fright, and the bad smells that they could hardly drag themselves along; but the horror of the terrible Greek who, no matter how much they dodged him, was always by their side, kept their steps from flagging.

The only passage left for them to take was a dark, narrow, covered bazaar, into which the children plunged, not daring to turn back.

"There are steps, Isabel: take care! Oh, I'm falling!" shrieked May.

And down the jagged steps the poor child tumbled all amongst filth and rubbish. In a second the hideous Greek had slipped past Isabel, and, sliding down the steps, he snatched up May, muttering—

"Now I got you both; you no get away soon."

He was disappearing into a dark archway with poor May struggling in his arms, when three large missiles struck him successively in the eyes and temples so severely that he let May drop immediately, and, following the instincts of his cowardly nature, ran off as fast as his legs would carry him.

"Hurrah!" cried Isabel, for it was she who threw the missiles, which were the very boxes of Turkish delight that had brought them into this scrape.

But hardly had she time to exult and pick up May, when a tall man with a blood-stained face, ragged clothes, and no hat on, rushed upon them in a state of violent excitement, and, throwing his muscular arms around them both, pressed them to his bosom.

The children shrieked and struggled, but in a few seconds recognized that their new assailant was their father.

How they got back to the water's edge (where the yacht's boat was waiting for them) they themselves hardly knew, for they were all in the highest excitement. But when they had washed and changed, and were comfortably seated on the clean deck of the "Mercury," they each related their adventures. Their father told the children how, directly he had missed them, he retraced his steps, but, owing to the crowded streets, he must have passed the Turkish delight stall without seeing them. He soon got so alarmed that he rushed frantically about in search of them, and got knocked down and robbed in one street, and had to fight a couple of men in another. He said it seemed nothing short of a miracle to him that they had escaped uninjured.

AN ELECTRIFIED DISH.—The electric light has not only found its way on to the dinner-table, but even into the dishes. A jelly in the midst of which the electric light was set created a great sensation at a recent fashionable dinner party in New Orleans. The effect was enhanced by the fact that it was arranged as a "surprise" for the company. The dish had been on the table from the beginning of the repast, but was hidden from sight by a large silver cover placed over it, which was in turn concealed under a heap of flowers. When the cover was at length removed and the jelly was disclosed, the effect was electrifying. Those who partook of the jelly thought that it smacked of the electric fluid; and one lady went so far as to say that she felt as if she were swallowing a Leyden jar.

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.—Never read the marriage services entirely over.

The shower of rice is a prayer for faithfulness.

A bride should use no pins in her wedding clothes.

A bride must wear nothing green—that color is emblematic of evil.

To change the name and not the letter is change for worse and not for better.

A bride on her return home must be carried over the threshold by the groom's relatives.

DOING GOOD.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

The sun looked down on the night's dark frown;
"I must do good," said he;
So he scattered the gloom with a beautiful smile,
And woke up the birds with a song;
And gilded the waves round the snug little isle,
And called forth earth's laboring throng;
And did it so merrily, brightly, and gaily,
That all fairly loved him, and bade him work daily.

The earth awoke as the morning broke;
"I must do good," said she;
So she yielded the wealth of her deepest mines,
And her gushing crystal springs;
And creeping mosses, and lofty pines,
The corn, and all useful things;
Doing good as she travelled in her wild orbit over,
Doing good unto all, a benevolent rover.

My heart looked up from its pleasure-cup,
"I must do good," said I;
I can scatter some gloom with a generous smile
Some harvest my soil will bear;
I can bathe the flowers, rough feet defile,
To some bark be a fleet-wind fair;
Doing good for His sake, who is saving and blessing,
Doing good through His goodness, His favor possessing.

HINDOO JUGGLERS.

What a Hindoo juggler doesn't know is not worth knowing. It is remarkable that all the Oriental folk are expert at sleight-of hand tricks—Chinese, heathen and otherwise; lithe limbed Japanese; as well as the mild Hindoo.

If you happened to stroll through Bombay, you would probably see a native master of legerdemain going through his performances in one of the streets with much the same art and "business" that a professor of magic would employ here. Ah! here is one about to display his powers in a dusty side road in this busiest of Indian cities. Let us watch his method.

Dark skinned and black-bearded, he looks a most potent, grave, and reverend seignior. He dispenses with the table, cabinet, and most of the paraphernalia that the 'prentice hand considers essential. Three small baskets he has and a couple of cloths, and a tripod made of three sticks, each two feet long, and held together at the top by a string.

The American conjurer will tell you that "it's all done by the turn of the wrist;" but his Hindoo rival imparts an air of mystery to his "show" by exhibiting three little wooden dolls about one foot long, and wearing red cloths tied round their neck. These are the gods by whose aid he professes to be able to work wonders.

No "gag" or "patter" is enlisted to mislead onlookers. He plays a flute occasionally, and sometimes a tomtom, while he will now and then indulge in a sort of a monotonous chant. His arms are bare to the elbow, and he is going to perform the far-famed basket trick, for which he requires the service of a boy.

First of all he ties the boys' hands; then he puts him into a net, which is fastened over his head, and shuts in his whole body so that he cannot move. The lad is now squeezed into a basket two feet square; the lid is closed and buckled tightly down. The juggler next takes a sword, and, with a few passes of the Hindoo doll babies over it and the muttering of incantations, thrusts the sword again and again into the basket. There is a cry as though some one was in terrible pain. It is the voice of a child, and the sword comes out blood stained. You hold your breath, and, did you not know it to be a trick, you would feel strongly inclined to strike the man. After a moment the basket becomes still, the juggler makes a few more passes, unbuckles the straps, and shows you that there is nothing within it.

He calls, "Baba! Baba!" and in the distance you hear the child's voice. How the boy got out of the basket or escaped being killed by the sword, and where the blood came from, are some of the things which, as Lord Dundreary used to say, "no fellow can understand."

The "mango trick" is performed with the three sticks in the shape of a tripod. The juggler takes a pot of water and pours it over a little pot of earth. He then holds up a mango bulb about the size of a walnut, and, putting this into the earth, he throws a cloth over the tripod. He now blows upon a horn, makes mysterious passes, and, after a few moments, raises the cloth, and you see the mango tree sprouting forth from the soil. More passes and more music follow, and the cloth is pulled down again. After a few moments, during which the growing of minor tricks goes on, he pulls out the pot, and the plant has grown about a foot above it.

There is more watering and more incantation, and his final triumph comes in showing you a bush nearly a yard high, containing great leaves.

While a trick on the grand scale is being elaborated, it is customary, as we have seen, for the juggler to perform a few smaller feats. Though mere bagatelles as he affects to regard them, they are mostly very clever.

He will place a pebble in his mouth, and his assistant will at once walk backwards pulling out from between his jaws twenty yards or so of silken cord. Having got rid of this twine, the juggler will then shoot out of his mouth a couple of decanter stoppers, two shells, a spinning top and a few other trifles, finishing up with a long jet of fire. You may possibly witness the sword trick, which consists in the "swallowing" of the iron blade, twenty-six inches long, up to the very hilt. On withdrawing the blade, traces of blood are sometimes to be seen on it, showing that it has not been sent "home" into its human sheath without doing a certain amount of damage.

But an American will probably consider the snake trick as the most extraordinary of all, as it undoubtedly is the most gruesome. In performing this trick, he asks for a piece of paper, and tells you to hold out your hand. You do so, and he places the paper upon it.

He then begins to play upon his pipe, and to dart out his eyes as though he saw something near your hand. His whole frame becomes transformed, and he dances around you like a wizard, playing all the time and keeping his eyes on your hand. Now he starts back and points at it. You look and see nothing, and he begins to play louder and dance wilder than ever. Remember his arms are bare to the elbow, and both of his hands are upon his pipe. Suddenly he drops the pipe, and continues his dance with incantations. He points to the paper again, and while you look and see nothing, he claps his hand down upon it and pulls up three great cobras, which raise their hooded heads, and dart out their fangs in different directions, and squirm and wriggle as he holds them up before you. You jump back, for the bite of the cobra is deadly, and the snakes which are used have, in some cases, not had their fangs drawn.

The performances which have been briefly described prove that the Hindoo jugglers of to-day are as fertile in resource and as skilful in manipulation as any of the most renowned of their clever ancestors.

MODERATE work, alternating with moderate rest, gives a brain which, taking the whole life through, will accomplish the most and the best work of which a human being is capable. The brains are to be improved and developed by reasonable exercise and reasonable rest. The one is as essential as the other

Grains of Gold.

Disposition, intellect, genius, come pretty much by nature; but character is an achievement.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

Even the very ablest, most laborious, and most useful of men cannot afford to make enemies right and left of high and low.

To ensure health, so far as human effort can control the matter, one should above all be cheerful, contented, and calm.

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerable small ones.

We are all dissatisfied. The only difference is that some of us sit down in the squalor of our dissatisfaction, while others make a ladder of it.

Young people should never forget that they have in their brains and hands, while the power of brains and hands remains, actual money-yielding capital.

Mental worry and disquiet, arising from any cause, is the strongest agent in "aging" men or women. It is an incessant source of exhaustion to the vital forces.

It is bad policy to be haughty, repellent, unsocial. The most resolute aspirant to wealth or position may stumble as he climbs, and, if no one stretches out a finger to save him, may roll headlong to a depth far below the point from which he started.

The influence of outward nature, of circumstances, of our occupations, of our fellow-men are always pressing upon us, but the results of this pressure upon our welfare, our character, and our life will always depend upon the nature of the inward forces with which we meet it and respond to it.

Femininities.

She (at an evening reception)—"I barely got here." He (observantly)—"So I see."

The Duchess of Albany, widow of Prince Leopold, has received her diploma as a hospital nurse.

The girl who marries a man because she has a mission usually winds up with a small orphan asylum on her hands.

Mrs. Harrison has done a good deal of china painting in former years. She will resume this occupation in Lent.

A woman at Racine, Wisconsin, is undergoing a voluntary fast of three weeks in order to cure herself of dyspepsia.

Bessie: "Where is your toboggan this winter?" Annie: "O, the roof leaked, and papa nailed it on the shingles."

Fair Hostess, to Mrs. Masham, who is looking her very best—"Howdydo, dear? I hope you're not so tired as you look!"

Miss Amy—"And do you admire Miss Travers, Mr. Goslin?" Mr. G.—"Yes, aw'fly! She's so unlike other girls, don't cherknow!"

People addicted to lingering departures would doubtless be surprised to discover that their long going is often regarded as a shortcoming.

It isn't always the last girl that gets married first. It is the little demure girl who sits in the corner with one young man and holds on to him.

A few days ago Mrs. Daniel Thompson, of New York City, gave birth to triplets. Mrs. T., is 28 years old. She was married when only 13 years old.

Heard in a florist's shop: "How many brides are there down cellar?" "Only fifty brides left, sir." "Well, go down and bring up a dozen and a half."

Queen Victoria invited no clergymen to the amateur theatricals at Balmoral, because she does not approve of clergymen attending such performances.

In Denmark most of the girls are trained in agriculture, which is there an important industry. The owners of farms receive pupils, who undergo a regular training.

"Shall I play you this little Spanish fandango?" she asked, sweetly. "I—I beg your pardon," he said, turning red, "but the fact is I don't understand Spanish."

Husband, to extravagant wife: "You have succeeded at last in making something out of me." Wife: "I knew I would. What is it, dearest?" Husband: "A pauper."

Mabel: "Did you ever hear that Bessie Willis was married to Tom Guzzler?" Maud: "Really? I thought she would be the last person to marry him." Mabel: "Well, she was, wasn't she?"

A Mrs. Cordolls, who lives near Pomona, Cal., was a great grandmother at the age of 50 years. She married when 15 years old; her daughter when 17, and her granddaughter at the age of 16.

Black silk walking costumes, with the entire front heavily embroidered in jets and beads, will be the acme of fashion this spring, writes a Paris correspondent who professes to know all about such things.

There are girls in this city who while earning $40 per month have given up their jobs to marry men who could not earn $30. It is hard to determine upon whom to waste the more pity, the girl or the man.

Women have what may be known as an anniversary memory. They remember every birthday, wedding and death anniversary in the neighborhood. You never saw a man who could remember anything like that.

The news comes that the heir to the throne of Roumania has fallen in love with Queen Natalie of Servia. He is determined to marry her, much to the annoyance of his family. He may lose his chance of the crown if he gives way to his present infatuation. Look out for a romance in Roumania.

Irene, an old-time rival: "Maud, dear, that's a beautiful ring on your finger. May I ask how much it cost?" "Maud, maliciously: "I didn't ask Harry how much it cost, Irene, love." Irene, sweetly: "I always had a curiosity to know. When I was wearing it myself, you know, I couldn't very well ask him."

In the army o' the Chinese rebels there were, in 1853 in Nanking alone, about half a million of women, collected from all over the country and formed into brigades of 11 560 each, under female officers. Of these, 10 000 were picked women, drilled and garrisoned in the city; while the remainder were obliged to undergo the drudgery of digging moats, making earthworks, etc.

Alcohol and finely powdered whiting will clean glass very satisfactorily. Tie up the whiting in a small piece of muslin, and dab it over the glass thoroughly. Next smear it evenly with a rag damped in alcohol, and rub off with a chamois skin. For opera glasses, etc., a simple method is to put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag and rub the surface over quickly. Wipe dry with a chamois skin.

While Mrs. Brazill was being buried at Greenpoint, Long Island, lately, the grave caved in, precipitating the corpse and three gravediggers headlong into the hole. One of the men, John Scanlon, fell underneath the coffin and was seriously hurt. With much difficulty the coffin was again brought to the surface and Scanlon dug out. There was considerable excitement and several women fainted.

The largest supply of human hair comes from Switzerland and Germany, and especially from the French provinces. The country fairs are attended by agents of merchants in London, Paris and Vienna. Only at intervals, however, is a prize like a perfect suit of golden hair obtained; and it is said that there are orders ahead in the shops of Paris and London for all the golden hair that can be obtained in the next five years. When a stock of hair is collected by agents it is assorted, washed and cleaned; then each hair is drawn through the eye of a needle and polished.

Masculinities.

A discontented man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.

Out in Indianapolis men who go out between the acts at the theatre are called "gadwumps."

Emperor William of Germany has been dissuaded from publishing a volume of poems which he wrote as a young man.

J. W. Keith, of Holliston, Mass., has just had removed from the calf of his leg a pin which he swallowed 65 years ago.

A remarkable barber died in Indianapolis recently. He could talk year-before-last's politics in 20 different languages.

Aluminium (99 per cent pure) is now quoted at $4 a pound. It is not very long since it was $11. Just what it cost to make had not yet been disclosed.

Out West. Judge, to prisoner: "What did you shoot this man for?" Judge, he was only ten foot off, and I couldn't miss him without ruinin' my reputation.

The will of the Indiana man who left $35,000 to found a home for old maids has been declared invalid by the court, the testator having been of unsound mind.

"What kind of a man is Fangle?" asked Bangle. "One of the most versatile men I ever knew," replied Cumso; "he's a different fool every day in the week."

A recently married gentleman was heard to declare that he was then as happy as the day was long. Rather unfortunately, however, he happened to be speaking on the 21st of December.

Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson denies the statement that he began life as a bootblack. "I have always been too lazy to black my own boots," he remarks, "to say nothing of other people's."

Lilac is the new Parisian color, and the local Beau Brummells are even accused of wearing "lilac gloves stitched with black on the promenade." There is not much winter "promenade" in Paris.

Phonograph closets are very common now in the offices of New York business men. A man goes in and talks to his machine, and after a while the typewriter goes in and the machine talks to her.

A singular case of insanity is reported from Nebraska. A young man named Post was sunstruck about four years ago, and each winter since then he has become insane, his mind nearly righting with the return of spring.

Queen Victoria and the Princess Louise play the pianoforte and organ; the Prince of Wales the banjo, and the Princess the pianoforte; the Duke of Connaught is counted a fine flute player, and the Duke of Edinburgh an accomplished violinist.

The Mexicans have no confidence in a young doctor until he has had a couple of years' practice. Then they make an inventory of his patients, and if he has cured more than he has killed they recognise him, no matter whether he has a diploma or not.

Mr. Oldbuck: "Woman, you have disgraced me! Do you hear? Disgraced me!" His Young Wife—"Why, dear, I am sure that it was only an innocent chat we had. I was not flirting, indeed I was not." Mr. Oldbuck—"Oh, I don't mind flirting. You can't help it. You are built that way. But you told that young man that I was your father."

"Do you know, sir, that the conductor of car 1492 is the most insolent, unfeeling brute that ever held a punch?" Superintendent: "Yes, and I wish we had more like him." "Eh? Do you?" "Yes, indeed! You see, he makes so many enemies that he couldn't steal a cent from the company without being reported."

A despatch from Highland, Ill., says Joseph Hartle, a farmer, 67 years of age, arrived in town Thursday from his farm and hunted up a lawyer. He said he wanted to straighten out his affairs, as he had but a few hours to live. After he had done this he started in his wagon for St. Joseph Hospital, and received a fatal stroke of paralysis just before reaching the gate.

Thomas A. Besalow, a student at Harvard, is the son of a Central African chief who was killed in battle three years ago by an uncle, who usurped the throne after killing the mother and two brothers of Thomas. The latter, after a course at Harvard, will return and endeavor to secure his rank. Failing in that he will settle down to missionary labor among his people.

A farmer in Montreal lodged a peddler on the latter's declaration that he could kill every rat in the house. After a hearty breakfast next morning, the peddler seized a club and astonished the farmer to bring on his rats. "It's a pretty old joke, but was evidently new to the farmer, who has sued the peddler for obtaining one night's lodging and two meals under false pretense."

An English militia captain, recently asked to resign on account of his age, and to make room for a younger man, replied to the authorities that if they would send on a dozen of their strongest young men he would walk them for forty miles, and then lead them to the top of the highest and steepest hill in the neighborhood. The authorities declined the challenge, and did not press for the resignation.

The course of true love seems to encounter many obstacles in Biddeford, Me. The local papers report one engagement broken by a hard-hearted parent, who bribed his daughter to give up a young man of whom he did not approve, and that a youth called at the police station there the other night and wanted the officers to release his sweetheart, who had been locked in a room by her brother, who said that she (22 years of age) was not old enough to get married.

On a plantation in Edgefield county, S. Carolina, lives a negro who is puzzling all the people in that section. "Nearly every night about half an hour after he goes to bed he enters into what appears to be a trance, and preaches a sermon. He is quite illiterate, but without a book and with his eyes closed, he takes a text which by reference to the Bible is found to be correct in chapter, verse and wording. In these trance sermons he uses better language than he does in ordinary conversation.

Recent Book Issues.

The *Record* Almanac is out and is full of interesting matter with fine engravings. Its best value however is in its splendid political and other statistics.

"The Alden & Faxon Newspaper List" is a selection of the best advertising country mediums in the United States. Great care has been taken in making up the list, and business men about to advertise will find it of interest to consult.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The complete novelette in the March *Cosmopolitan*, "A Candidate for Divorce," by H. H. Boyesen, has many realistic scenes from a young ladies' boarding school, and aims to show the calamitous results from much of the prevailing feminine education. The story is illustrated. Two timely articles on "Easter in Jerusalem," by Frank G. Carpenter, with illustrations, and "Browning's Place in Literature," by Emily Shaw Foreman. Capt. Daniel Morgan Taylor furnishes an interesting article on "The Militia," illustrated by Harry Ogden, and Col. Chas. Cnallie Long gives a graphic description of "The Desert," with several striking illustrations. Another traveller, Mr. H. Glider, furnishes his observations of "Signal Codes, Savage and Scientific." Other illustrated papers are "Berlin, the City of the Kaiser," by Mary Stuart Smith; "The Evolution of the Gondola," by Herbert Pierson, and "Royal Authors." The last named forms the department "In the Library." There are three poems, and the editor begins a new department entitled "From the Editor's Window," which closes an excellent number of this young and vigorous magazine. Published in New York.

"The Soldiers," by Captain Chas. King, author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "From the Ranks," etc., is the complete novel in the March *Lippincott's*, and is characterized by the same dash and charm of style which makes all Captain King's stories entertaining reading. Edgar Fawcett contributes a remarkable poem of some length entitled "The Years of Tullia." Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie writes very entertainingly of "The Author of 'The Collegians'"—Gerald Griffin, and Marshall P. Wilder have some pleasant things to say about "Our English Cousins." The third part of the interesting fragment, "Nathaniel Hawthorne's 'Elixir of Life'" is given, edited by his son. William McGeorge, Jr., has a timely article on "Western Mortgages;" W. H. Stacpoole, the English novelist, gives "A Hint to Novelists;" Anna H. Wharton has an interesting paper upon "The Brownings in Italy," and Felix L. Oswald has a brief article about "Weather Prophets." Several poems, "Book Talk," and the departments, complete a thoroughly readable number.

CURATIVE POWER OF THE LEMON.—Lemonade made from the juice of the lemon is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable for all stomach diseases, excellent in sickness, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippin, crushed, may be used with sugar and water and taken as a drink.

Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease but prevents it. Sailors make daily use of it for this purpose. We advise every one to rub their gums with lemon juice to keep them in a healthy condition.

The hands are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia, it is said, may be cured by rubbing the part affected with cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts. It will remove dandruff by rubbing the roots of the hair with it.

It will alleviate and finally cure coughs and colds, and heal diseased lungs if taken hot on going to bed. Its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it internally the better shall we find ourselves. A doctor in Rome is trying it experimentally in malarial fevers with great success, and thinks that it will in time supersede quinine.

WHEN a resolution is once formed half the difficulty is over.

ASTHMATIC TROUBLES, PLEURISY PAINS, and Inflamed Throats, are overcome and healed by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant—for fifty years an approved stand-by for all Coughs and Colds.

STOWAWAYS.

A PARTY OF us were seated in the smoking-room of the screw steamer Vancouver late one evening, engaged in filling the cabin with smoke and diminishing the ship's supply of rye whiskey. Incidentally the conversation turned upon a somewhat curious character we had among the usual consignment of stowaways, and Captain Smith, who formed one of the party, thereupon proceeded to relate some of his experiences in this connection.

The captain was an excellent *Raconteur*, and his style was true blue and quite inimitable. I have only retained the gist of his story, and will therefore make no attempt to give it in the language he used.

Hardly an ocean steamer bound for America leaves a port in Great Britain but it has four or five of these unfortunate creatures stowed away somewhere. Many captains make the discovery that they have twenty or even thirty of these undesirable passengers aboard, and that they have as many more mouths to feed. This makes some skippers pretty savage, as when they sail they have stores only proportionate to their crew, with due provisions for delays from stress of weather, will of God, &c.

The stowaways are recruited from all sorts and conditions of men, but as a general rule they are mostly incapables and the scum of the streets of London and other great cities.

It can be truthfully said of them as a class that their leaving their country is usually for their country's good. They hang around the docks until an opportune moment arrives for shipping aboard, and they usually select their ships which are taking in a cargo of pipes or bricks or some other material in which they can make a comfortable hiding place.

As a general rule, they are assisted by the bumpers or ship laborers, with whom they are leagued, and who, while loading a ship with brick, can easily build it up leaving a square room in a dark corner in which a dozen or two of stowaways can be accommodated with comparative comfort. When the cargo consists of pipes, the stowaways simply creep inside them, and wait patiently until they think the pilot has gone off and the vessel is well away from land.

This plan has its little inconveniences, as, directly a ship leaves port, the officers start upon a tour of investigation, and often throw bricks and other material awakeners into the pipes. When they hear an appreciative howl, they make the stowaway crawl out. The majority of the men, however, either escape the bricks or bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune with Spartan fortitude, because it often happens that after the officers are satisfied that they have escaped this scourge, a dozen or so of the stowaways come from below and begin to inhale the ozone in safety.

One officer in a Glasgow steamer, while looking through a consignment of bricks, suddenly discovered a nest in which eight men were seated in contemplative silence with their knees drawn up to their chins. They were all marched up on deck, and immediate preparations made for putting them on shore.

Before the boat was lowered, two more came up on deck. These latter had divided their food in portions in order to last them until they were well out from shore; but in the darkness, they had apparently miscalculated the time and eaten too many meals. Their food had run out, and the ship was still in the Firth of Clyde.

The whole party was then safely landed on the Cumbrae More, an island which only boasts of one town, and was sufficiently distant from Glasgow to give them considerable trouble to accomplish their return in the destitute condition they were in. The officer of the ship was therefore somewhat surprised, upon arriving at Montreal on his next voyage, to find some of these same men working on the wharfs.

Captains generally endeavor to land their stowaways as far as possible from any settlement, in order to make their ships unpopular with this class of passengers. The sufferings which some of these unfortunates endure under such circumstances are more easy to imagine than describe. They often have to walk a dozen miles or so in bad weather with insufficient clothing and without food or drink, after having passed through the horrors of being cooped up in a ship's hold two or three days.

When a ship is too far out from land to send a boat ashore, the captain is reduced to the necessity of taking all the work he can get out of the men, and he generally does this pretty effectually if there is only a moderate consignment of them. But it is hard for any captain to find work for twenty extra men, and in such a case, the smartest of them are put to work as deck hands, and the rest are treated as steerage passengers and handed over to the police on arrival.

Captain Smith gave a rather ludicrous account of the experience of a *confrere* some few years ago. His ship was hardly well out on the ocean when two stowaways made their appearance, and later in the day five more.

The next morning six more came up; and during the two following days they kept coming up in twos and threes until they numbered twenty five all told. The ship seemed to be teeming with stowaways, and the officer on which was fairly bewildered. There was a plaintive pleading in his voice as he said to the last comer, "Say, had't you better send the rest up at once."—"They are all up now, sir," replied the stowaway with repressed cheerfulness, and the officer gave a sigh of relief. When the vessel arrived at Quebec, the captain sent a despatch ashore with the pilot-boat to be forwarded to Montreal, asking that a detachment of the harbor police be at hand when the vessel came alongside, to arrest the men. The police were in readiness on the wharf; but the steamer stranded in mid-stream, and lighters had to be sent off to relieve her of part of the cargo.

One of the lighters was alongside when darkness came on, and she had to lie to until sunrise. When the lighter was fully loaded, she drew in to the wharf to discharge; but hardly was she moored, when there was a movement among some sacks, and a stowaway leaped out and made a break for the wharf. Another immediately sprang out from the other side; and in another instant the whole deck of the lighter was alive with stowaways, running up the wharfs and leaping over the obstacles that came in their way.

The captain was powerless with amazement, and did nothing but stand and look on in a dazed sort of a way. When the last of them had cleared the vessel's side and things had quieted down a bit, he recovered himself, and walking over to the sacks, he poked carefully about among them, but finding nothing, he resumed his former position.

Suddenly, another stowaway, who had been unable to get out with the rest, jumped up and cleared. This was too much, and the captain shouted: "If there's any more passengers going ashore, they had better go now." But the whole consignment had escaped free of duty.

THE POOR GRANDMOTHERS.

I MEAN THE kind who have brought up their own families to manhood and womanhood, then have to live around among the children maybe, or have a married child share their house.

Then they start out afresh and make themselves useful so as to pay their way. Perhaps they cook dinners and tend babies. It is a burning shame for elderly women to be thus imposed upon.

It always riles me to see a gray-haired woman with toil-worn hands and sunken temples, sitting tending a bawling grandchild; an old woman of sixty-five a-gogging the crib and singing ditties! I could fairly rip out a cuss word in my righteous indignation.

How tired they grow of telling stories and saying soothing things to little untrained wildcats with tempers that have never been governed. I call to mind a grandmother now, a serene-faced woman of sixty-seven. The pension goes towards supporting a good granddaughter, a great lubberly married son with a wife and three small children! and they all have appetites like a saw-mill.

These children are respectful to their grandmother and love her dearly; they ought to, for she is like a poor Biddy who said, "for does not she pay the rent!" She is their bank, and as useful a tool as an old Jersey milch cow.

Her face grows pale each day, her hand more tremulous and her step more fluttering. The dear soul spends her years fighting dirt and washing taters for the hungry brood that sit with red mouths open like robins in a nest.

Her son and daughter often go to entertainments while "mother" says: "oh, they're young, let them have a good time while she stays at home and minds the young ones. Occasionally they take a "spell," and grandmother's old cracked voice sings them into subjection. She sleeps on a shake down with her young lady grandaughter in the kitchen; and the rest have the beds. They don't mean to be selfish, they are simply used to having the best. They often cuddle and flatter her, and say: "oh, ma'ma, nobody's apple pie tastes like yours," or "your high dumplin.s are so good." She goes panting around getting up their favorite dishes, pottering about like an old witch over her teeming caldron. They kiss her often, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Beulah Thomas by name, delights to dress her snowy hair after the fashion of Mrs. Dolly Madison's.

All this chaff buoys her up and makes her willing to toil on. This exceeding goodness of grandmother Thomas, is a family trait, "it runs in the blood."

A sister trod the same track. She was about to marry a well-to-do widower and gain for herself a good home, when her only daughter Margaret, trailed and hung around her neck and said piteously:—"oh, mamma, I can't live long with this bad cough, don't leave me." She therefore declined this good man's offer and went to live with shining Margaret. This distressing cough never killed her. Son-in-law William borrowed her money and never paid it back. He was pious and said: "mother, the Lord will repay you if I can't." Suffice to say the Lord does not handle greenbacks in a literal sense. The drudging grandmother brought up grandchildren and great-grandchildren and the feeble daughter out-lived her parent long.

I can offer no remedy, only that grandmothers cultivate backbone, and let their children know that they possess a spine. I once heard a despairing grandmother wish she had a house in a tree-top like the eccentric man in Washington. His was an experiment to avoid rheumatism; but this worried woman's idea was to get rid of the small fry. She said she'd ascend by a rope ladder and haul it up after her. There she could read and sew without danger of her shears and thimble being filched and her ball of yarn would not be used for harness on an imaginary horse by a lively youngster.

MRS. PICKET'S DAUGHTER.

ODD CHURCH MUSIC.—A handsome, clever and highly educated young Russian, bankrupt through operations on the bourse of St. Petersburg, came to Chicago some years ago with the wreck of his fortune, and for a time figured largely in the most exclusive social set. After a time, all his money having been spent, he dropped out of society, and for some years earned a precarious living in various mysterious ways. Later he took to the stage, and his fortunes began to look up. It was soon after his latest turn of fortune that an old acquaintance, going to a church in a fashionable suburb, saw the Russian bound on the same errand, in company with some of the set with whom he had mingled in earlier days. The Russian, who is a highly skilled musician, was asked to play the organ, and everybody was delighted with the delicious, dreamy voluntary with which he opened. A month later the Russian and his old acquaintance met again at the rooms of a friend in New York, and the subject of that marvellous voluntary came up. The Russian was asked to repeat it, and he acceded to the request, saying at the same time that it was an improvisation. He played it as before, and all present were delighted. "Don't you recognize it?" he asked. Several of them found something familiar in the music, but no one could place it. "Listen," said the Russian, "while I play it rapidly;" and sitting down at the piano he rattled off what all recognized as "Johnny Get Your Gun." By playing it slowly with new notes skillfully interwoven he had produced the dreamy composition with which all had been so charmed.

WHEN WOMEN MAILS A LETTER—Femininity in the post office is an amusing study. In the matter of dropping a simple, ordinary, white, every day letter, for instance, she affords an insight into the character of the average woman.

The looker on had nothing else to do the other day than to watch this little operation for five minutes. Out of thirty young women who went to cast their epistles in the slot, twenty-two, by exact calculation, withdrew the letter before quite letting go of it to scan both sides of the note to be "very" sure the letter was securely sealed, properly addressed, stamped, and to be certain no one could look through the envelope to read its contents. Out of these twenty-two ladies three had forgotten to put a stamp on their letter, and two had to add something to the address on the envelope, while another carried off with her the letter she had intended to mail.

It kills pain, we refer to Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain. Price 25 cents.

A quarter of a dollar will purchase anywhere a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Humorous.

HIS SUGGESTION.

The old maid sat in her rocking chair
With thimble and scissors and thread,
And talked, as she sewed, of her neighbors' faults
Till the visitor wished he were dead.

But he sat quite still, in his patient way,
And heard all her acid talk,
While she pounced on this one, and then on that,
Like a vicious old hook-beaked hawk.

She sewed, as she talked, in a vigorous way,
And pulled the thread through with a jerk;
Then she tried the scissors, but they were so dull
That she never could make them work.

"These scissors are dreadfully dull," said she,
As her sewing she angrily flung
On a chair; and the visitor murmured low:
"Then why don't you use your tongue?"

—S. T. OLEN.

Called to order—The waiter.

A chimney sparks, but never marries.

A slow match—Four years of courtship.

Many an old flame has caused a runaway match.

A wedding in high life—Married in a balloon.

A ring on the finger is worth two in the pawnshop.

Even an indolent man will labor under an impression.

Passing away time—Handing over your watch to a foot-pad.

A parlor is a court room, but a court room is not a parlor.

The only weigh to be honest—Sixteen ounces to the pound.

The height of foolishness—Standing on the edge of a precipice.

What is thieving in the outskirts?—Picking ladies' pockets.

A gentleman may wear a full beard, but a dude wears a fool beard.

Strange to say, no man ever gets tight unless he is loose in his habits.

Truth lies at the bottom of a well. If it lies there, how can it be truth?

Hotel keepers are supposed to be healthy, but they are always inn-disposed.

"At what age should a young lady marry?" asks a correspondent. Oh, any time after she is won.

"The Italian method of restoring freshness to stale eggs," writes a tourist, "is to put garlic in the omelet."

Young Hobbs: "Mamma, what animal is the king of beasts?" Mrs. Hobbs, with a significant look at her husband: "Man."

Lives of great men all remind us that we can make our lives sublime. Yes, and they also remind us that we can make ourselves ridiculous by trying to imitate them.

Husband: "Where is my wife, Anna?" Maid: "She's just gone upstairs, sir." "Well, just give her this kiss, dear—I have to catch a train in 5 minutes and can't wait."

"What is society?" "It is a place where people who were poor 25 years ago tell of the plebeian origin of their neighbors and conceal their own humble beginnings."

Mr. Youngman, after long thought: "Is there any way in which to find out what a woman thinks of you without proposing?" Mr. Benedict, absently: "Yes; make her savage."

Changing trades. Visitor at museum: "I want to see some of the mummies." New usher, formerly a dry goods clerk: "Yes, madam; right this way; we have all the latest styles."

Miss Playne: "I wonder if I could recover any damages if I were to sue him for breach of promise?" Miss Flyppe: "You might, possibly, if you should wear a heavy veil all through the trial."

Doctor: "Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again! I was sure that the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them, in water or in cake?" "Oh, I used them in my blowgun."

"Why do you call the phonograph 'she'?" asked the horse editor of a Western paper of the snake editor. "For two reasons," was the reply—"first, it talks back; second, it always has the last word."

Ghost, at a seance: "Do you recognize me?" Mrs. Topper, confidentially: "Yes; you are my late husband, John Topper." Ghost, surprised: "How do you know me?" Mrs. Topper, firmly: "I smell your breath, John."

"The sphere of woman is certainly extending," said Mrs. Lashington to her husband. Every once in a while some woman goes into the lecture field." "Yes," said her husband, wearily, "every married man knows that."

First old bachelor: "I wonder who that melancholy-looking man is?" Second old bachelor. "His name is Blank, and he is one of twins. One of them recently lost his wife, and the other recently married. I don't know which one he is."

"And now, little girls," said a Sunday school teacher, "you may tell me about the Epistles." A little girl held up her hand. "Well?" said the teacher. "The Epistles," said the little girl—"the Epistles are the wives of the Apostles."

"Wanted—reliable men," read Mrs. Bascom from the advertising columns of the paper. Then she raised her glasses upon her forehead, looked severely at her husband, and remarked: "And the world'll wait a considerable number of centuries yet before it gets 'em."

MENTAL CAPACITY OF SPIDERS.—Experiments on the mental powers of hundreds of spiders have been made. Evidence was given that the faculty of smell is fairly developed in all but three out of twenty six species, but the position of the organ of smell was not found and is not known.

Loud sounds were apparently unperceived; the sperids were sensitive to the sound of a tuning fork, while the spiders that do not make webs gave not the least heed to it.

Love of offspring was manifested in all spiders by eagerness to receive back cocoons within twenty-four hours, though few recognized them after a longer period, and none seemed able to distinguish their own cocoons from another spider's or from pith balls of the same size. Sight appeared to be good, though from familiarity only through touch cocoons were found with difficulty, even when within three-fourths of an inch.

The color sense seemed fairly developed, with preference for red. The authors discredit the notion that spiders feign death, accepting Darwin's explanation that the habit of lying motionless has been acquired in different degrees to serve different purposes.

ALL IN HIS EAR.—A middle aged colored man entered a Brooklyn car the other evening with a basket containing wine in his hand, evidently sent to make a delivery. He managed to get a seat, and when the conductor came around to collect his fare he never bothered about pockets or pocket books, but simply placed his hand on one of his capacious ears and drew forth the shining nickel. To say that the conductor and passengers were surprised puts it mildly. The conductor, on recovering himself, thereupon remarked: "Why do you carry your money there, captain?" "'Cause it's handy, sir," replied the son of Ham, and the passengers all laughed at the wrinkle in money pouches. It was observed that he carried another nickel in the other ear.

BANK NOTES.—Bank of England notes are made entirely of white linen cuttings—never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass.

They are made at Laverstroke, on the River Whit, in Hampshire, by a family named Portal, descended from a French Huguenot refugee, and have been made by the same family for more than 150 years.

About 1860 a large quantity of the paper was stolen by one of the employes, which caused the bank a great deal of trouble, as the printing is a comparatively easy matter—the great difficulty with forgers being to get the paper.

SUCCESS.—It is a great mistake to imagine that success without effort will ever make a man or a woman happy. What we cease to strive for ceases to be success, and gradually becomes more and more worthless. Suppose the same wages to be paid for nothing that are now rendered for skill and energy and preserving work, or the same applause to be showered on the mere trifler that is now given to the public benefactor; could they possibly kindle the same joy in the heart of the receiver that they now do? They would mean nothing, stand for nothing, and shortly would be nothing.

MR. LAYMAN—"See here, doctor, you said there wasn't any such disease as hydrophobia."

Dr. Schmerz (emphatically)—"No sir, there is not."

Mr. Layman—"But old Grubbs got it all the same, and last night he died."

Dr. Schmerz (emphatically)—"Well, a man who goes and catches diseases that don't exist ought to die."

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

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An Unequaled Triumph. An agency business where taking it unnecessary. Here are portraits of Miss Anna Page of Austin, Texas, and Mr. Jno Beam of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand photograph album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly. The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonderstruck and order at sight. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over $100. The chance you have been looking for. You can make from $5 to $25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the grandest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Beautiful in design, elegant and artistic in finest silk velvet, plush. Bindings splendidly ornamented. Inside charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular $10 album, but is sold to the people for only $2. How can we do it? It is the greatest of the times; we are manufacturing 500,000, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted! Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments; also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed free. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., BOX 888, PORTLAND, MAINE.

SCHOOL.—For Sale, a Girls' School in Southern California. Will be sold this winter. Address, ISABELLA G. OAKLEY, Santa Barbara, Cal.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

$2 30 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address H. A. MARSH, Detroit, Mich.

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25 cts. A WHOLE PRINTING OUTFIT.

A WHOLE PRINTING OUTFIT, COMPLETE AND PRACTICAL, with Alphabets of Good Type, Bottle of Indelible Ink, Pad, Tweezers, in neat case with catalogue and directions "HOW TO DO IT." A 25 cent boy's name, printed on 6 cards, paper, envelopes, etc., marks for hotel goods, etc. The best gift for young people. Postpaid only 25c. A fine Printing Press, Ingersoll & Bro., 65 Cortlandt St. N. Y. City.

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Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

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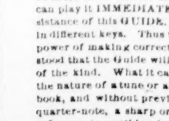

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the Instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and for such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 108 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Just now a great many woolen dresses are being made intermingled with silk for ordinary morning wear; braiding in different colors is much enjoyed; the basque bodice still holds its own, though many women still cling to the graceful polonaise, either double-breasted or with trimmings of fur folded simply across the front.

A charming dress, suitable for these dark days, was in an exquisite shade of gray homespun, the draperies as long as possible, the short bodice having a loosely folded waistcoat, the skirt handsomely braided in black; epaulettes of the same were placed on the slightly puffed sleeves. Another more elegant dress was in the richest black ottoman silk; panels of Stuart tartan were let in at the side, a semi-waistcoat of the same being inserted in the bodice.

For the last few months tartan has been coming much to the front, and it can be made effective if sparingly employed as a trimming. A chartreuse green velvet tea-gown was simply made en Princesse, bordered with a tiny edging of gold. The full front of Chantilly lace was confined by a Swiss belt of velvet similarly edged. Pale pink silk ruchings at the throat and sleeves relieved the somewhat sombre effect.

Another dinner dress in a similar material, mixed with pongee silk of an indescribable hue, had panels of lace fully plaited at the side; cross-cut folds of velvet were placed across the bodice, which was high to the throat, and tastefully trimmed with filmy lace.

Red continues to be much worn—indeed, for morning dresses it has had a recent revival. Crepon de laine is a material which, falling soft, is well suited to evening wear, and a gown of this was made with a full skirt and low bodice, trimmed with the straight fringe which was old-fashioned fifteen years ago and is new now.

There were very long oblong sleeves also edged with fringe, and these were draped about the neck or crossed as a fichu, or could be treated in many ways by a woman who knows how to dress. These sleeves suggest a very easy way of making a low dress high by deft fingers.

Velvet sleeves and vest are worn much with soft woolen and rich brocade, which form crossing bodices and match the skirts. These dresses when new are frequently trimmed with rows of black velvet, also a revival from the same period as the fringe. One pretty gown had a broad velvet band at the edges, and a broad one at half the depth. When gowns are not exactly intended for walking they are beginning to be made to touch the ground.

Louis XIV coats with long basques, buttons at the back, Mousquetaire cuffs and flap pockets, look smart on stylish women, and are much worn. One in light green velvet, of the tone called "verdette," had been trimmed with gold passementerie, and had a long waistcoat of rich gold brocade.

A gray velvet dress had a white and silver brocade waistcoat, and a flamme de Ponche velvet, with pastille spots, was made after the same style. These pastille spots are most fashionable. By the by, these full evening bodices are bringing in the soft lisse chemisettes, drawn in on ribbon, which appear only across the front.

The tea jackets are most charming, made to swathe the figure. They were made of soft printed silk, but the yoke was white lisse over pink, drawn in with pink ribbon, the sleeves being made entirely of two puffs in the same style. Large puffed sleeves, copied from the fashions of the Stuarts, are well worn; indeed, so is anything that is picturesque.

A red velvet zouave jacket, for example, richly worked on the front in gold, can be slipped on over any bodice and skirt, and this is the idea of the tea jackets, which make a trim toilet with very little trouble. Skirts, plain and simple as they are, require almost as careful fitting as bodices.

The object at present is to make them as slender as they can be at the top, and boufiante about the feet, and this is all a question of cutting. Some black embroidered leather worked in red had been applied to the hem and the front of the sleeves of a red gown, and looked wonderful and mediæval.

The "Marie Amelie" is a piquant morning robe recalling, alike by its name and its fashion, the modes of the time of the Citizen King. It is of fine flannel in pale pink, the round skirt being trimmed with three narrow flounces of the material, closely set, and with pinked out edges. The half hanging sleeves and the waistband are pinked likewise, and the cachet of the gown is given to it by a Carrick cape composed of six rows of pinking. It would be a charming gown for a slender blonde wearer.

A pretty dressing jacket is of a bluish shade of old-rose flannel, set in open sacque folds at the back, under which passes a band of wide white woolen braid, over which in front fall loose blouse folds. The skirts of the jacket are hem stitched with white wool, and white woolen guipure is arranged to form Zouave fronts and a small deep-pointed collar at the back.

Very tempting are the various fripperies displayed for the adornment of new gowns, or to "gar the auld claes look amaist as weel as the new." The freshest of these are perhaps the shirt frills and jabots of lisse and gauze, a pretty example of which is a simple wide frill of gauze, gauged on to a narrow black velvet, so that it may be twisted about the figure at discretion; while another frill of the same kind has a reversed trimming of point d'Alencon. A becoming collar, or gorget, of Venice point fits closely to the figure, being peaked, so that it almost reaches the waist, and is fastened down the front Charles I. fashion, with little love knots of cream ribbon.

A dainty device has a narrow falling collar of plisse lisse, backed by point d'Alencon, and with wide, long, straight, falling ends of lisse in front, edged with a plisse. Especially fascinating are the long fichus of net or gauze, edged with lace or frillings to be draped deftly and worn with the careless grace of Sir Joshua's ladies.

The time would fail to tell of the ruffles and frills, the bows of gauze and lace, dear to the hearts of women who study the becoming in dress, and have not yielded themselves up entirely to the tyranny of the tailor-made gown.

French hair-dressers are lowering the hair, though many ladies still cling to the high-dressing style, but the hats and bonnets of the season are shaped, as a rule, for low coiffures. The hair is dressed rather loosely, and given as natural an appearance as possible.

With the short, puffed sleeve, round-waisted bodice and befrilled skirts, a bygone fashion of dressing the hair is being attempted by quite young women. Little curls in a cluster are arranged at each side of the head, kept back by the little side-combs with jeweled or fancy tips, used in olden days, while the rest of the hair is combed upward and plaited or coiled in a crown at the top of the head.

To some faces this style is becoming, especially if a few feathery curls are carried across the forehead. The fashion of copying an old family picture and dressing after it, if one is considered like the original, seems to be quite the thing.

When the hair is worn high it is often crimped, or waved in the neck, to give a full effect to the back of the head, for the French twist is not much used, except when the hair is too thin to be taken straight up with a good effect. The hair is then arranged in fluffy-looking puffs, or coiled around in a light pyramid, and ornaments of gilt and jeweled pins, combs or for dressy occasions flowers or feathers. The front hair is cut short on the temples, and either forms a light pointed bang, or is curled in light recamier curls, falling to the centre of the forehead.

The quantity of hair, cut short over the brow, is small in width and thickness, as it must look natural; the false pieces cannot be made of a small quantity, which always gives the idea of additional hair, no matter how well and becomingly the piece may be arranged.

Parting the hair on one side gives a younger appearance to a thin face, as well as causing it to look fuller.

Odds and Ends.

VARIETY OF COOKERY.

Bologna Sausage.—Take some tender and streaky pork, chop it up with parsley and chives, and season with salt, pepper and spices. Fill a large sausage skin with the mixture, tie the ends securely, and cook it for two or three hours.

Bologna sausage with onions is prepared in the same manner as *cervelas*, some onions, cut in small squares, simmered in lard until three parts cooked, being added to the other materials.

Italian Cheese.—Cut in pieces the liver of a pig or calf, and bruise it in a mortar; then proceed in the same manner with two-thirds of bacon and one-third of pork fat, so that the weight of the bacon and fat may equal that of the liver. Mix the materials together, and season them with salt, pepper, spices, chives, thyme, basil and sage, chopped up small, and coriander and aniseed bruised in a mortar. Then cover the bottom of an iron saucepan or mould with slices of bacon, place the meat on it, and lay more slices of bacon over it. Put it in an oven to cook. When done take the vessel from the oven, and allow it to become cold. Then place the vessel for a moment in boiling water to melt the surface of its contents, and empty it out on a dish in a cheese shaped mass.

Black Puddings.—Take a sufficient quantity of onions, peel them, and cut into small square pieces. Fry them in lard until they become soft, without being browned. Chop up, also, into small squares as many pounds of fat as you intend to employ pints of blood. Mix all these materials together, with some parsley and chives previously cut small, and also with salt, pepper and cream. Fill some skins with the mixture, taking care that no air is left in the skins, and tie them securely. Then place the black puddings in water so hot that the hand cannot endure it, but yet not boiling. If care is not taken to attend to this, the sudden heat will burst the black puddings. When the puddings have become hard, and no blood escapes when they are punctured, remove from the water, and allow them to drain and get cold.

White Puddings.—Boil some milk with bread-crumbs until it becomes a thick paste. Then cut some roast fowl very small, and also cut some pork fat in squares, beat it in a mortar, and mix it all together with boiled bread. Equal parts of bread, fat and roast fowl should be employed for this purpose. Then take some onions, cut them in squares, fry in lard until they are soft, and mix with the other ingredients. Add also some yolks of raw eggs to thicken it, and season with pepper, nutmeg and salt. These puddings are cooked like black puddings, in water made as hot as possible without boiling. Sometimes *boudins blancs* are made with the flesh of hares, pheasants, partridges, veal and other meat, instead of fowls.

Round Sausages.—Remove the sinews and skin from some pork, and chop it into mincemeat with the same quantity of pork fat. Season with salt and pepper, and add parsley, chives, basil and thyme, cut as small as possible. Mix these ingredients together, and put them in the well cleaned intestines of a fowl.

Ham.—Remove some of the saltness from a ham by steeping it in cold water. The time during which it should be allowed to remain in the water will depend on the season, and also on the saltness of the ham, which may be ascertained by piercing the centre with a skewer. Then tie the ham in a cloth, and boil it for six hours at a moderate heat, with onions, into which a few cloves have been inserted, carrots, parsley, thyme, chives and similar herbs. When the ham is sufficiently cooked, which may be learnt by piercing it with a skewer, which, when the meat is done, will enter it easily, take it from the pan, and allow it to get cold. Then remove the skin and cover the ham with bread-crumbs, and parsley cut up as small as possible.

Ham with Spinach.—Take a large slice of boiled ham, and having cooked with butter, in a stewpan, a carrot, two onions, parsley and thyme, cut in pieces, and seasoned with pepper and nutmeg, add the meat to them. Pour into the stewpan some stock broth colored with burnt sugar, and a glass of wine, and simmer until the vegetables are nearly done, strain off the liquor, and having put the ham in another pan, pour the strained gravy over it. Put the pan over a slow fire, place the lid on it, cover it with some hot cinders, and occasionally pour a spoonful of the gravy over it, that the ham may become glazed on its upper surface. Now blanch some fresh spinach, season it with salt and pepper, pour the gravy from the meat over it, and lay on it the slice of ham, with the glazed surface upwards.

Chine of Pork Roasted.—Remove some of the fat with which the meat is covered, then roast it for two hours, or longer, until thoroughly done, and send it to table either by itself or with *sauce piquante*. Before cooking this joint it should be sprinkled with salt and spices, and hung up for two or three days, or longer, according to the season.

THE MISSOURI girl for whose hand two admirers tossed a dollar is suing for a divorce. The tossing was done before a parlor full of guests, and the girl immediately after married the winner. This was a year ago, and the couple were housekeeping until recently, when the wife, for some unexplained reason, went home to her father. A dispatch reports that she is now keeping company with the lover who lost the toss, and that he declares she will yet be his wife.

CRADLE and coffin are the bounds that inclose the world.

Confidential Correspondents.

J. A. S. H.—The story has not been and will not be printed in book form.

BOUND.—If you have rented a house for a year you are liable for the year's rent.

RIGHT.—It would not be at all proper for the young man to accompany his betrothed without having received an invitation.

CORA D.—You have no remedy but removal; this is a free country, and there is no law against a man playing on his own piano when and where in his own house that he chooses.

MEG.—Take care what you are about, it is playing with edged tools. If you do not really care for the man, have nothing more to say to him; it is unladylike and unwomanly to flirt.

J. A. G.—You have very likely got an obstruction in the ear, caused by the accumulation of the natural secretion, which, if in excess, often forms a pulp, and causes very troublesome deafness.

READER.—"Collateral" as the term is in use among bankers and brokers is said to have been first used by Daniel Drew, and signifies anything possessing value in Wall street, and which was given in bond for a loan.

GAZELLE.—The lines quoted, commencing, "I never nursed a dear gazelle," are in Moore's "Lalla Rookh," in the portion of the poem called the "Fire Worshippers." You misquote them, writing "loved" for "nursed."

QUEEN MAB.—No one has any business to open a letter addressed to any one else. If you are in service your master has no right to meddle with your correspondence; he can warn you if he thinks you are receiving or sending improper letters, but he may not open them.

INQUISITIVE.—We would of course read any story sent us, and if good enough, publish it. Nothing is paid to unknown writers. 2. Cuvier was a celebrated French scientist and investigator in natural history. He was born in 1769, and died in 1832. 3. The 14th of February, 1876 came on Thursday. 4. The lock of hair is a beautiful dark brown.

ALMA.—1. If you have settled that there is to be no evening dress at your "At Homes," the gentlemen would not need to wear gloves, as that is a part of evening dress. 2. When a gentleman walks home with you from a friend's house in the evening, you would bid him "good-bye" at the gate, as it is supposed you would not be returning until it was time to retire to rest.

HOUSEHOLDER.—The ordinary method of scraping or burning off old paint is hardly expeditious enough for general purposes, and is also laborious. Soda and quicklime are far more thorough. The solution of half of each is thus made: Dissolve the soda in water, and then add the lime, and apply with a brush to the old paint, which can thus be removed in a few minutes.

KIND.—Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific Ocean, is one of the habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. There, to travellers to the westward at 12 o'clock noon, for example, Sunday ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins; to travelers to the eastward Monday is postponed and Sunday begins. Chatham Island is just in the line of demarcation between dates.

A. Z.—Your lover is, it seems to us, selfish, and bound to his art. He, no doubt, continually reproaches himself, and yet, like many artists, has grown so lazy, that he knows not how to act. Meanwhile, you are wearing yourself out, and growing old. Can you not get some one to give him a hint? Has your lover sufficient to marry on? Art does not pay many men well. Do not visit his studio. Keep yourself carefully away from him, and see the result.

J. LUSHER.—A preparation for cleaning leather can be made by mixing a quarter of a pound of yellow ochre with a teaspoonful of oil; to this mixture must be added a quarter of a pound of pipe-clay and a little starch, the whole mixed together with boiling water. This preparation, when cold, is laid on the leather, left to dry, and then rubbed off with a cloth, after which the leather is brushed. If a dark shade is desired, the leather should be brushed with a hard brush before it is dry, and it will then assume a rich brown tinge.

REEKIE.—The feeling in your head that you speak of may arise from an over-strained state of the brain, especially in consideration of your occupation as a teacher of mathematics. You do not state your age, which is of importance in cases of head affection, as such cases are more common in advanced life. You should regulate the stomach carefully, and a strong antibilious pill about twice a week would do you no harm. Avoid stimulants and excessive smoking. Sensations of the kind you describe due to overwork are often removed by a timely rest and change of air and scence.

INVESTIGATOR. — Pronounce "Fowst" not "forst," or "forced." Faust is certainly of German origin, since the opera is a mere dramatic version of Goethe's "Faust;" but, long before that author, Christopher Marlowe, a magnificent but neglected English poet, had built a drama, "Faustus," on the legend. Whether that arises from the story of Johann Fust, the printer, an opulent goldsmith of Mayence, and the partner of Gutenburg and of Schoeffer, who invented the type puncheon, it is hard to say. The printed books by Fust and Schoeffer, are exceedingly beautiful, and were so like MS. that the monks of the scriptorium in the various monasteries, declared that the Devil helped Fust. Some copies of Jerome's Latin Bible, 1462, were printed on vellum, and were passed off by the printers as manuscript, which they fully resemble.

RIALTO.—Your friend was quite correct in stating that the gondolas of Venice were first painted black by law. In olden times great sums of money were spent by the nobles of Venice on the decoration of the cabins of their gondolas, and this extravagance was carried so far that the authorities of the Republic were, at the end of the fifteenth century, obliged to pass a law to compel uniformity of style. All gondolas were, therefore, to be painted black. No distinction of ornament or color was permitted, except in the gondolas of foreign ambassadors, those used for State purposes, or that belonging to the Patriarch, this dignitary, if a cardinal, being allowed to use red silk or wool in the decoration of his cabin. Though it is no longer compulsory on the inhabitants of Venice that their gondolas should be black, the custom of having them this sombre color has become fairly established, and will probably always remain so.